

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



LORD TOM NODDY AND HIS SWEETHEART, AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I should like to be the pious founder of a Society for the Protection of Pronouns. Every man or woman with a feeling heart ought to spare time and energy for the befriending of the oppressed. All the recognised objects of philanthropy have their champions. Dumb animals are protected, vivisection denounced, saucers of milk hoisted by steam cranes to the uppermost window-sills of family mansions, when the mice are out of town, and tabby is left to starve. I see all these good works in full swing, but I do not see that the harassed English pronouns have a single benefactor. These poor creatures might be Armenians; they are slaughtered so systematically and with such impunity. There is no concert of critics to exact guarantees for their proper treatment. The Abdul of fiction does not even receive collective notes from the reviewers, expressing horror and amazement at the brutal derangement of his parts of speech. He may be told that his story lacks freshness, that his characterisation is cloudy, that he has borrowed rather too freely from some eminent hands; but he may butcher his pronouns without exciting a single protest. It is time that some single-minded philanthropist should rebuke this callous indifference, and I am not without hope that my project of a Society for the Protection of Pronouns will shame some of my reviewing brethren into joining the committee.

Let me take a flagrant example of the evil which enjoys such licence. I have lately read "*An Uncrowned King*," a novel with considerable merit. On the second page, the hero, heir to a marquisate, is sitting in the House of Commons, mightily offended with the leader of his party, who has prevented him from bringing in a little Bill for enabling the eldest sons of peers to remain in the Commons, even when they succeed to the titles. Lord Usk, I say, is looking daggers at Mr. Forfar, and this is what happens: "Mr. Forfar, the First Lord, lounging delicately from the House after hurling his thunderbolt, with his short-sighted eyes fixed on space, on the paper in his hand, on anything but the scowling faces of his supporters, encountered his gaze without intending to do so, and leaned over the benches to speak to him." The construction of this sentence asks me to believe that Mr. Forfar encountered his own gaze, and leaned over the benches to address a remark to himself. I know that politicians are elastic people, who perform somersaults, direct the destinies of empires while standing on their heads, and even turn themselves inside out; but I refuse to believe that the most statesmanlike acrobat can meet his own glance. The sentence must mean that Mr. Forfar encountered Lord Usk's gaze, and proceeded to accost that nobleman. Here, then, you have two pronouns subjected to a gross and wanton indignity. "Rather rough on you, Usk," says Mr. Forfar. "Better luck next time." Rather rough, indeed! Not a word of regret, you observe, for the outrage on the innocent and defenceless pronouns! And how am I to know that they will have "better luck next time"?

Of course, some people will tell you this is an absurd fuss about a small matter. The purity of our native tongue, I notice, always is a small matter to the great majority of novelists. There is no correctional tribunal to make the slipshod writer wince until he takes the trouble to pen decent English. When a woman is a born romancer, and all the graces are showered upon her cradle, you may be pretty sure that the fairy godmother who gives out grammar will not attend the christening. I can see the poor, unprotected pronouns making lamentable faces at that ceremony because they know that the richly endowed infant will grow up to torment them in pure ignorance. Women go on wearing osprey feathers in their hats in spite of exhortation and invective, and I dare say I shall be treated as a mad humanitarian for holding that the pronoun deserves as much consideration as the birds of the air. Accuracy of detail one does not expect from the feminine novelist. I dip into a story which throbs with wild emotion in every page, and I find a dramatic critic described as the "*Times* correspondent." That is a small matter if you like; nobody cares a straw for dramatic critics and their precise denomination; and if the gentleman in question had been set down as a police-court reporter, the great heart of the public would have remained unresponsive to his indignation. But if that impulsive organ would spare a beat or two for the distressed "him" and "her" and "his" which are trodden under in the race for popularity, I might have a host of literary ladies swelling the membership of my Society, which at present bids fair to be limited to the humble individuality of its disinterested projector.

A great many years ago, when I read the novels of Sir Walter for the first time, I swore a solemn oath of allegiance to mediævalism. I

remember the occasion well. It was after eating all the red currants in the kitchen-garden that I turned the closing pages of "*Quentin Durward*" with blood-stained fingers, and vowed never to read a story of which the hero was a mere "Mr." That was to preserve my mind from the contamination of the prosaic, sordid, squalid age in which I had unhappily been born. This fierce antipathy to the modern spirit wore off; and now a story in which the hero says "Od's my life!" and the narrator affects the archaic diction of a remote period, fills my professional hours with tedium. For this reason I welcomed the Ruritanian romance, in which adventurous Englishmen, speaking the idiom of the smoking-room, play skittles with small German crowns. To this category belongs "*An Uncrowned King*," with its worthy, rather pig-headed English nobleman, ruling for a brief space a turbulent little Balkan principality, and harassed by the evangelical tantrums of a conspirator's daughter, half Irish, half Russian, and a temperance fanatic to boot. Such is the latest phase of the historical novel, though the blend is not quite original after all, for did not Dizzy give a pretty broad hint of this line of invention in "*Vivian Grey*"? If I remember rightly, the hero of that book came within an ace of carrying off the heiress to a German duchy, and was defeated by the wiles of one of those miniature Metternichs which Germany and Austria continue to produce in great numbers.

Well, I foresee that the Ruritanian method will play itself out before long; and what then will be the reviewers' portion, O my brethren? Having exhausted every historical period, buried all his Roundheads, Cavaliers, Huguenots, Jacobites, Jacobins, sunk the Armada for the last time, and fought Poitiers, Crécy, Agincourt till not a mail-clad puppet can stand upright any more, to what shift will the romancer betake himself? Will he try a modern French preserve? Our Gallic neighbours are crossing the Channel in search of subjects. I have lately read a romantic little story by the collaborators who call themselves J.—H. Rosny. The scene is laid—well, you might guess till doomsday without discovering the spot on which the new French altar of idealism has been erected. It is Epping Forest—Epping, resonant of the Bank-Holiday concertina and snatches from the East-End music-halls! In Epping Forest a young Frenchman is driven by pessimism, atheism, and other "isms" of the worst possible repute, to thoughts of suicide. Suddenly he hears a girl's voice singing a Salvationist hymn. He is interested; the pair of wanderers fall into discreet conversation, varied by further outbursts of soul-uplifting minstrelsy; when the lady is tired, the young Frenchman gallantly puts her into a fly, and is about to bid her a mournful adieu; but she wonders that he could dream of leaving her like that, and takes him home to her religious papa and mamma, who are quite ready to bless the nuptials for the sake of reclaiming a sinner. It is all very piquant, especially the distinct dash of the Parisienne in the petticoated hymnal. Well, the Bois de Boulogne is a fair exchange for Epping Forest. Will our story-tellers linger in the Avenue des Acacias, looking for the young British pessimist caught in the devotional toils of a trim-ankled captain of *L'Armée de Salut*?

Perhaps the renaissance of romance will come when social equality is supreme, and the ideals of Art are common property. The ultimate triumph of Democracy, I learn, is to be the suffusion of all classes by the spirit of Beauty. In that happy day the "patter" song of the music-hall will give way to the sonnet in Wagnerian recitative; the tights which the "social purity" ladies cannot see will be superseded by robes of white samite, mystic, beautiful; the drama will be a succession of poetic rhapsodies; nobody will play to the gallery, because the gallery will have its full share of the exquisite discrimination universally provided by spiritual Whiteleys; and the halfpenny evening paper will be printed at the Kelmscott Press. There will be no more "penny dreadfuls" to beguile "weak-headed readers" along the path which leads to the beak. Advertisements of pickles—supposing we are sufficiently earthly to need pickles—will suggest that they are angels' food; and small urchins, scrupulously neat and clean, will sit, like Alma-Tadema's Roman ladies, on the edges of marble basins, while their nurses tell them fairy tales of prehistoric gutters, and of dragons in the fearful shape of School Board inspectors.

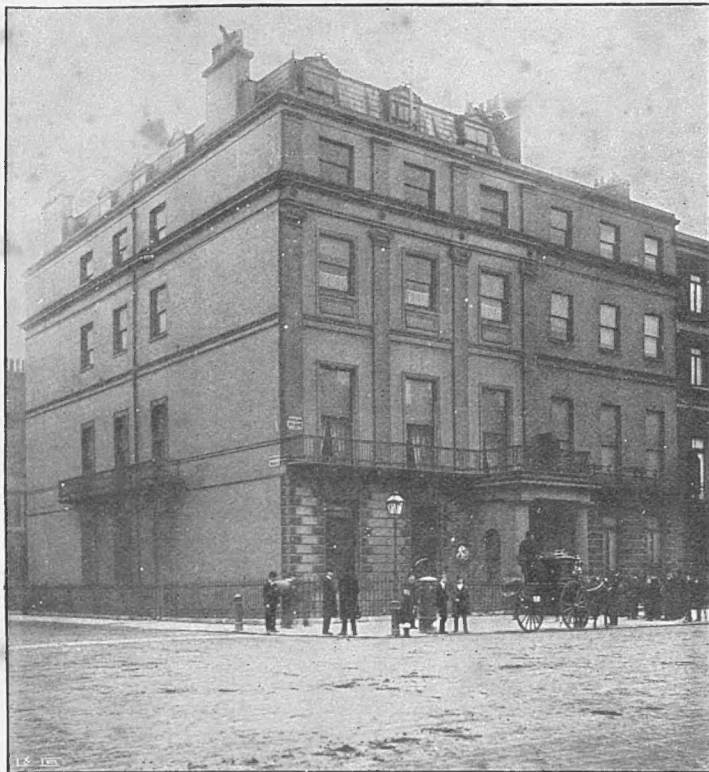
When that blessed dispensation begins, story-telling may be a new and radiant gift, and every author a member of the Incorporated Society of Seraphs, though I have a misgiving that authorship will be a drug in the market—should there be anything so sordid as a market; for if there be a universal sense of Art, why not a universal imagination, knack of construction, and trick of dialogue? No; I am convinced that this superior monotony will be averted by an incurable habit among the Seraphs of trampling on the Pronouns!

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KIDNAPPED UP TO DATE.

The London sensation of the week has been the release of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who had been detained—that is the euphemism for imprisoned—at the house occupied by the Chinese Legation, 49, Portland Place. His story puts Stevenson in the shade. Sun had a brilliant career as a medical student at Hong-Kong, where Dr. James Cantlie, a very



THE CHINESE EMBASSY, 49, PORTLAND PLACE, WHERE SUN YAT SEN WAS IMPRISONED.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

distinguished graduate of Aberdeen University, was his Professor. He started practice in Canton, and became involved in a conspiracy to kill (it is alleged) Tan, the Viceroy of Canton. The plot was discovered. A dozen of his fellow-conspirators had their heads chopped off, but Sun was dropped over the city wall in a basket, and escaped to Hong-Kong, and thence to England *via* San Francisco. He came to London Town in due course, and on the first day of this month paid his respects to his old teacher, Dr. Cantlie, who had set up house in Devonshire Street, which, you know, cuts Portland Place. He got lodgings in Gray's Inn Place, but Portland Place had a weird fascination for him. So out he sallied on Sunday morning (Oct. 11). Now, that was a very stupid thing to do, as Sun might have known, for the Englishman usually associates Portland not with an ambassador's palace, but with a prison. He ran up against a most affable fellow-countryman rejoicing in the name of Tang. Tang was very friendly, and invited (some say forced) Sun into the Chinese Legation. However he got there, he was met by Sir Halliday Macartney, Councillor to the Legation, who had been expecting him. He was told that he was "wanted," and was locked up in a room. There he wrote down the story of his capture on a newspaper, asking the finder to apply to Dr. Cantlie, and threw it out of a window. In due course the doctor got it and set the wheels of diplomacy a-working with such good effect that, on the demand of Lord Salisbury, Sun was released at five o'clock last Friday afternoon, having been detained for twelve days. That forms his exciting story. The incident opens an interesting point in International law. His jailers contend that for certain purposes the Chinese Legation is Chinese territory where the Chinese Minister alone has jurisdiction. If that is so, would Sun still have been in Chinese territory if he had been driven to the docks in the Chinese Minister's carriage and shipped off to China in a Chinese gunboat? That, you see, is a conundrum after Mr. Gilbert's own heart. In any case, "the Heathen Chinee is peculiar—which the same I did rise to explain." The quotation, of course, is obvious; but on the present occasion its application is inevitable.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S LATEST VENTURE.

It would be impolite to call "The Storm" an ill wind, and inaccurate, perhaps, for I doubt whether it blows anybody good. It will not add to the reputation of Mr. Ian Robertson, who has done better work, nor to that of Mr. Esmond, since, although he acted with much power and skill, he hardly reached the degree of passion that was needed. However, the thunder and lightning made a very good first appearance, and, when they get over their nervousness, should do very well; moreover, many

people will be much moved by the play, which has some artificial prettiness and rather forced pathos.

How do you like your drama? Goody-goody, or with a flavour of naughtiness? Personally, I find that if a play be witty there is enough latent vice in me to cause me to ignore any offences against the laws of propriety—or to pretend so to do. I found that not a few people were holding up their hands at "His Little Dodge," and at Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who has translated it very cleverly from the French; but I fail to see that it will do harm to anyone, or even shock people who are not already beyond grace. It is very funny at times, and does suggest a capital idea. Fancy, if one could hypnotise people so easily and become lord of their will. Think of hypnotising your creditors when they call a-dunning and compelling them to write out receipts, or sending your country cousin to sleep when he bores you with his annual visit.

One thing attracted my attention—the fact that anyone could awaken Lady Little from her trance, while Mrs. Petlow resisted her husband's efforts for hours. I fancy that the authors have been playing fast and loose with this offspring of Mesmer's discoveries. "His Little Dodge" raises an important question of play-writing—Ought the dramatist to finish all the sub-intrigues that he begins, to kill all the hares that he starts? Everybody was expecting a funny scene, in which the Hon. Mandeville Hobb would be forced to explain to the muscular, fiery Sir Hercules how it came about that he visited Lady Miranda when in her trance and awakened her. That scene should have been very funny, for Hobb is a comical, cowardly creature. Why in representing him Mr. Weedon Grossmith should put on a vigorous Cockney accent, and pronounce "a" as "er," I cannot tell. However, the scene was not given, was simply left out. In this instance, I think a mistake has been made, for the third act needs strengthening. As a rule, I consider that dramatists are over-anxious to leave no threads hanging, and in some cases, as at Terry's Theatre, injure a piece by their scrupulous care.

I may have found fault at times with Mr. Fred Terry as romantic actor, for he has never quite fulfilled the promise of his early performances. I want to take back what I may have said, in gratitude for his remarkably clever acting as the light comedy hero of the new piece. Miss Ellis Jeffreys surprised even such warm admirers as I by the remarkable skill of her acting. May I hint that her coiffure hardly



DR. SUN YAT SEN.

Photo by Taber, San Francisco.

sets off her beauty, and that the silken lining, necessarily much shown, of her black satin skirt is far too *criard*. Mr. Weedon Grossmith was very funny as Hobb, and I expect that by now Mr. Maltby has made a great deal out of the disgraceful Petlow.

MONOCLE.

NELSON IN EXCELSIS.

Trafalgar Square presented an extraordinary sight on Wednesday; probably it has never excited such an amount of interest since Nelson's Column was erected in 1843. As you will note from the accompanying reduced

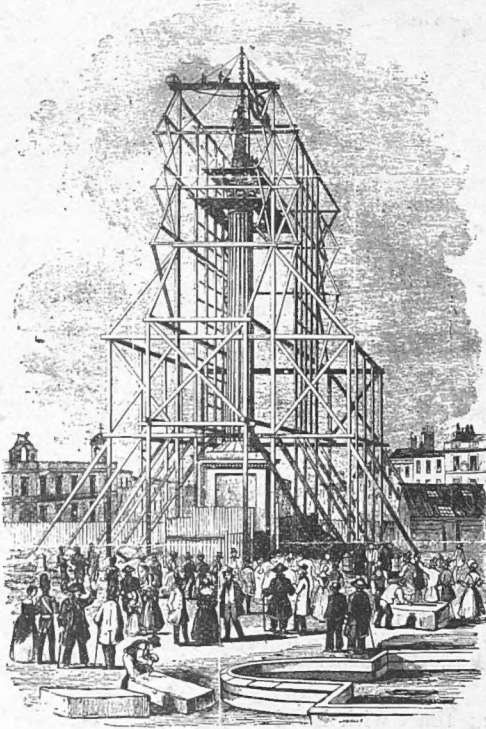
picture from the *Illustrated London News* of that date, the Londoner crowded to Charing Cross to see the seventeen-foot high statue of the great Admiral before he went aloft. They began hoisting him on Nov. 3, 1843, and he reached his pinnacle eight days later. The statue weighed eighteen tons, and was quarried from the Duke of Buccleuch's Granton property.

The demonstration last week was worthy of the great occasion. And yet one note jarred. Mr. William Whiteley's advertisement-board figured most inappropriately on the base of the Nelson Column because the Navy League was informed that this method of advertising is the invariable custom of decorators.

If your club is re-decorated, or the electric light is put into your house, the tradesman who performs either task announces it to the world with a board. Why this custom should have held good in

the case of the Nelson statue I cannot conceive. If Mr. Whiteley had been told that his board could not be allowed, does anyone suppose that he or any other decorator would have refused the contract? There were complaints some while ago about flash-light advertisements on the Column; but they never produced such an effect of bathos as the proclamation of Mr. Whiteley. Nelson and the Universal Provider! Does not this amazing conjunction give some point to Napoleon's gibe that we are a nation of shopkeepers? Fancy any body of Frenchmen, a public corporation, or an association of private citizens, permitting a firm of decorators to advertise themselves on the statue of Strasburg! There is a way of doing these things, and, for all our patriotism, we don't seem able to escape from the ridiculous.

Among the enormous crowds that poured into Trafalgar Square on the great day, one noticed thousands of faces that are rarely seen in the West End at all. Urchins trooped out from the weird alleys in which they live, and old ladies donned their apologies of bonnets to see the Admiral. The demonstration, indeed, was one of the most striking glimpses into history that the Londoner has had for many a day. Throughout the country celebrations also took place. At Portsmouth Nelson's old flagship was decorated with laurel, and both the cockpit and the spot on the quarter-deck where the hero fell were the resting-places of laurel wreaths. Curiously enough, a French yacht anchored in the harbour flew the tricolour right under the *Victory's* bows.



THE NELSON COLUMN ON NOV. 16, 1843.



NELSON EXHIBITED AT CHARING CROSS.



THE NELSON COLUMN AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE LAST WEDNESDAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W

SMALL TALK.

I think that the extraordinary glorification of Nelson which we saw last week indicates the final acceptance of Lady Hamilton. I am somewhat astonished that Mr. Gladstone has not been figuring in the Nelson boom, for Amy Lyon, as her ladyship, the daughter of the village blacksmith, once was, was brought up at Hawarden. She came to town in 1780, at the age of nineteen, and, as Mrs. Tanqueray would have said, kept house with more than one gentleman of rank, until the elderly diplomat Sir William Hamilton made up his mind to marry her in 1791. It was a sordid story, for she was rather a sordid person, although you would not think so by looking at her wonderfully beautiful face in the series of portraits of her which are preserved. Of these Romney, her great friend, painted at least forty-two, picturing her now as St. Cecilia, now as a wood-nymph, now as a Sibyl, and now as a nun—characters, I may say, with whom she had absolutely nothing in common.

You remember her extraordinary letter to Nelson in 1798, ill-spelled and perilously imprudent. Speaking of the Nile, she said, "Good God, what a victory! I fainted when I heard the joyful news, and fell on my side and am hurt. I should feel it a glory to die in such a cause. No; I would not like to die until I see and embrace the victor of the Nile," and so on, and so on. The rest of her story is too familiar. Nelson, of course, was far too good for her; yet his infatuation for Emma, who, with singular inappropriateness, had once masqueraded as Miss Hart, was very human. I think that is the way all sensible people have come to look at the point.

A dropped nothing; but what a difference! In chronicling the progress of the house of Graves last week Mr. Algernon Graves was made to say that he had "something like 40,000 proofs" in the cellars below the shop. The figures should have been 400,000, just ten times the number given.

Dorothy Drew, it may astonish you to hear, in addition to being the name of the little lady of Hawarden, is also the name of an American actress who, like other of her fair countrywomen, will soon be a much-married lady, for, owing to the fact that she went through a ceremony which, begun in joke, became as legally binding as were the Gretna Green weddings in old days, she found herself the wife of a "mere acquaintance." Not daunted by this misfortune, which, it will be remembered, was the leading incident in one of Wilkie Collins's most dramatic stories, Miss Dorothy Drew engaged herself to a well-known American actor, George W. Monro, and they are only waiting for Miss Drew's former union to be dissolved in the usual American way. After this, one may well exclaim, "What's in a name?"

The mere man need not be wholly despicable to have a care about his clothes. The great problem of baggy knees, for instance, has long troubled the trouser-wearer, but I observe from a little pamphlet, called

"Matters Masculine," that Messrs. Doré, the well-known tailors, have tackled this difficulty, together with many others. You will see how if you ask them to send you a copy of their little book.

My brilliant contributor Mr. L. F. Austin, in the course of "At Random," has given forth a suggestion that would convert our theatres into a combination of the restaurant and the drama—what, in Mr. Whistler's peculiar slang, might be called "a symphony in eating and acting." Waiving for the moment the question of seriousness on the part of Mr. Austin, and the adaptability of our habits for such an arrangement, it may interest that gentleman to know that his proposal is not new, and that such a combination already exists. In the "Flowery Land" from which Li Hung Chang came and has again returned the theatre is a place of acting, and is at the same time an eating-house—a feature that may date back, for all we know, to the time of Confucius.

This peculiar adaptation of feeding and play-acting has resulted in China from the great length of some of the dramatic pieces; some are so long that they even take two or three days to go through, but generally the most of them are spun out to such a length that the hunger of the audience has to be considered.

There are tables in the theatre where food and drink can be served, and many take food with them; it is carried in a small, neat box with trays or drawers. This shows a devotion to the drama on the part of John Chinaman that we "Foreign Devils" have not as yet reached. There is even more than this; in the Merchants' Guilds, which are large institutions in all the large towns in China, each of them has, among other structures, a club and a theatre, another combination we have not realised in our civilisation. At the opening ceremony of the Bankers' Guild at Shanghai, there was "a free public theatrical entertainment on two stages"—practically two theatres—"with

refreshments. It continued for twenty-five days, at an outlay of three hundred taels per day, and an estimated number of sightseers and visitors of ten thousand per day." If the "refreshments" had any influence on this run, Mr. Austin's suggestion may have yet to be considered in a serious manner—it may turn out that there is money in it, and it only wants the business head to work it out.

How many people, I wonder, have been killed by kindness? A most unassuming young scholar of my acquaintance, who has recently edited an English classic, is biographed in a local paper under the title "A Coming Man of Letters," and towards the end he is described by the editor as the "Aberdeen Edmund Gosse." Is this most cruel to Mr. Gosse or the young scholar? At any rate, it sets you moralising on friendship.

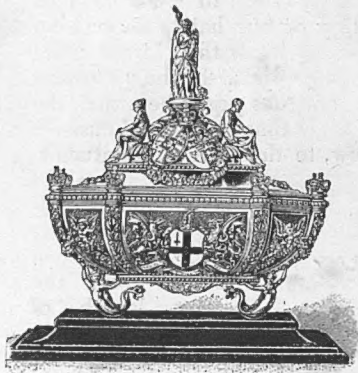
Mrs. Shaw, the clever American lady known as "la belle Siffleuse," who first came over here late in the 'eighties, is, I hear, returning to this country. She will, it seems, be accompanied by her twin daughters. A trio of whistling ladies would certainly be a great attraction.



LADY HAMILTON.—GEORGE ROMNEY.

From a Photograph by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East.

The Corporation of the City of London presented an address to Princess Maud last Saturday week. It was contained in an 18-carat gold casket (the workmanship of Elkington), oblong, with the corners taken off, so as to make a long octagon with unequal angles, the face of each angle forming a panel. The front panel contains the arms of the City of London in enamel, while that at the back contains a picture of an ancient Danish



war-galley, also in enamel. The other panels are decorated with Cupids carrying wreaths of flowers executed in repoussé. On the front cover two shields, joined together by a wreath of flowers, bear the conjoined arms of England and Denmark, supported by figures emblematic of strength and wisdom.

I hear a singular story about a certain judge, who has, so far, concealed his identity. He obtained permission to fish in certain waters in Scotland. One day he saw another man fishing, and the other man said very

brusquely, "What do you mean by trespassing here? Don't you know this place is private?" The judge had never been addressed in that way in his life, not even by prisoners and defendants with the worst possible manners. He retorted very curtly that he had a perfect right to fish, having authority from the owner. "That's a lie," said the other man. "I am the owner. If you don't pack up your traps and be off, I'll duck you in the river first, and prosecute you afterwards." The judge was furious and refused to budge, whereupon, being a little man, he was thrown into the stream. Legal proceedings for trespass were instituted; but although the judge had an excellent case, having received his permit from the owner's agent, he hastily offered an apology through his solicitors and the matter ended. Why did he submit to this grievous outrage? I am told that he dreaded the ridicule that would attach to him if it were known that he had been forcibly ducked. What dignity could he have maintained on the Bench if a sly counsel, in some case of trespass, had remarked, "My client escaped a ducking, my lord, and I think that, on this score, he deserves your lordship's congratulations?"

The Duchesse de Dino, Sir Henry Tichborne, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Goschen have been staying at the Hans Crescent Hotel.

Many happy returns of the day!—

To-Day, Oct. 28.

The Earl of Ashburnham, F.S.A., *b.* 1840.
Madame Hope Glenn.
Mr. William Simpson, R.I., *b.* 1823.

To-Morrow, Oct. 29.

The Crown Princess of Roumania.
Senator Thomas F. Bayard, *b.* 1828.
Lord Ribblesdale, *b.* 1854.

Friday, Oct. 30.

Lord James of Hereford, *b.* 1828.
Sir R. Quain, M.D., F.R.S., *b.* 1816.
The Marchioness of Zetland.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Lord Thring, K.C.B., *b.* 1818. Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, *b.* 1825.
Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson).

I have to thank Miss Fraser, of Hove, for a postal order for twenty-two shillings, which she has sent me on behalf of the veteran "V.C." whose sad case was dealt with in these pages the other day.

As I read my *Saturday* nowadays I ask myself—

O Bernard Shaw, scornful of every blunder,
Will thy tirade
And cool cascade
Transform the world, I wonder?

For the convenience of passengers joining the P. and O. steamers at Marseilles for the East, the South-Eastern Railway Company have arranged for a dining-car to be run from Calais to Paris (Lyons Station), and two sleeping-cars from Calais to Marseilles, in conjunction with the 11 a.m. train from Charing Cross and Cannon Street on Nov. 5 and 20, Dec. 3 and 17, 1896, and Jan. 1, 1897, in addition to the usual first-class lavatory-carriages.

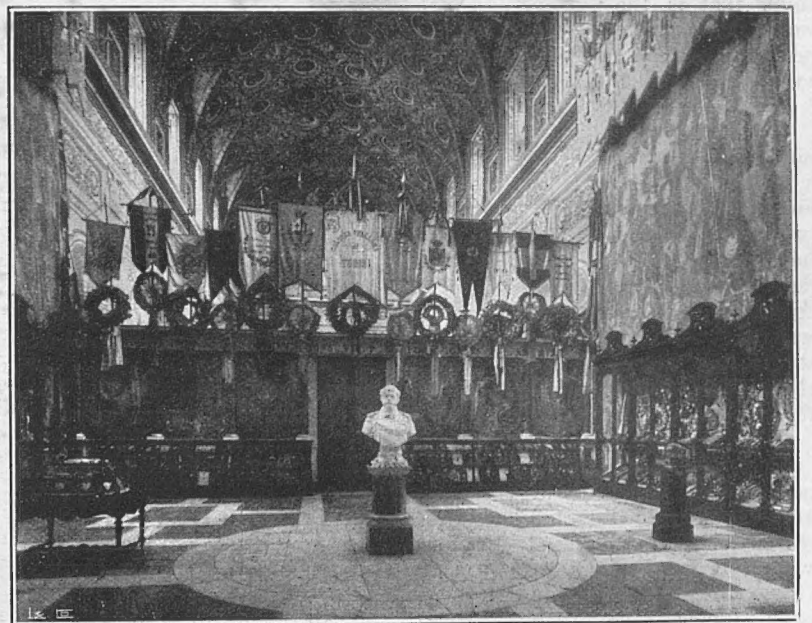
The latest turn in the ever-popular aquatic variety shows in St. James's Park is the tern's return from his summer sojourn at the seaside. The tern is, as on former occasions, accompanied by gulls and kittiwakes, and they already begin to be the same source of amusement to the bird-loving public that they were during the last two winters. People say, "I notice that the gulls are back in the parks—a proof of bad weather." It appears to me it is more a proof of a good memory. Birds and animals have a wonderful recollection of the treatment they have received at the hands of Man. In the desperate winter of 1894-5 the gulls were welcomed as warmly as the temperature would allow; and so, though last winter was, as we know, extraordinarily

mild, they arrived again in larger numbers than before, and remained to a still later date in the early spring. It is a wonderfully pretty sight, when standing on the bridge in St. James's Park, to watch the crowd of sea-birds wheeling, diving, screaming, and occasionally, I regret to say, fighting for the morsels of bread and buns and broken victuals, and yet more eagerly for the pieces of fish or sprats that are continually provided for them by an incessant train of admirers. That the poor care for the poor is an ancient truth, and in the parks I have noticed many a time and oft how the raggedest, most hopeless-looking tramp will feed the ducks, the gulls, or the friendly sparrows with many a comfortable crumb from his somewhat lean repast. While on the subject of St. James's Park, let me recommend any lover of nature to listen just at sundown by the eastern end of the lake to the hundreds of different birds murmuring their good-nights before they are tucked up snug in bush and tree and tuft of grass. The effect on a still, grey afternoon is quite weird and mysterious.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co. have just been awarded a further gold medal for their Flor de Dindigul Cigars at the Empire of India Exhibition.

The wedding of the Prince of Naples and Princess Hélène on Saturday awakened up the Quirinal. Gregory XIII.—the scapegoat among numerals is, as usual, to the fore in such matters—built the palace, and all his successors, save those who were too old or too ailing at the time of their nomination to care to meddle with bricks and mortar, added to it. Urban VIII. laid out the pretty gardens on the site of the Temple of Mars Quirinus, and now, I suppose, the young Prince whose race is keeping the Popes away from their ancient home is making love to his bride among the fountains and statues placed there for a very different purpose. On the balcony above the Grand Entrance, from which the name of the new Pontiff was once announced, the bridal pair showed themselves to the populace. In the Sala Regia, built by Paul V. for the greater glory of himself and his successors, the White Cross of Savoy has supplanted the escutcheon of Pius IX. Across those sunny terraces where Pius VII. used to spend long hours in the enjoyment of his *kief*, before his arrest in 1809 in the saloon above, royal guests bidden to Rome by a King, not a Pope, sauntered, forgetting who trod the stones before them. The Throne-Room, where the grand audiences took place, was used for the same purposes by the Pontiffs, and little change has been made in it, beyond replacing the former seat and canopy by one once used for the Dukes of Parma, and which, with their duchy, has now fallen to the descendants of the Sardinian. Finally, on the very pedestal where the mild mouth and eyes of Pio Nono used to be seen, the moustaches and brows of Victor Emmanuel now curl fiercely as their owner glares defiance on all who approach his effigy.

The most attractive of the suites of rooms this palace contains has, very rightly, been prepared for the young heir and his bride. These apartments, seven in number, lie to the extreme left of the Grand Entrance, and overlook the gardens of Urban. They were furnished when the palace was fitted up as a royal residence for the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, the present crowned heads, and at their silver wedding, three years ago, they were gorgeously re-decorated for the



THE OLD CHAPEL WHERE THE PRINCE OF NAPLES WAS MARRIED.

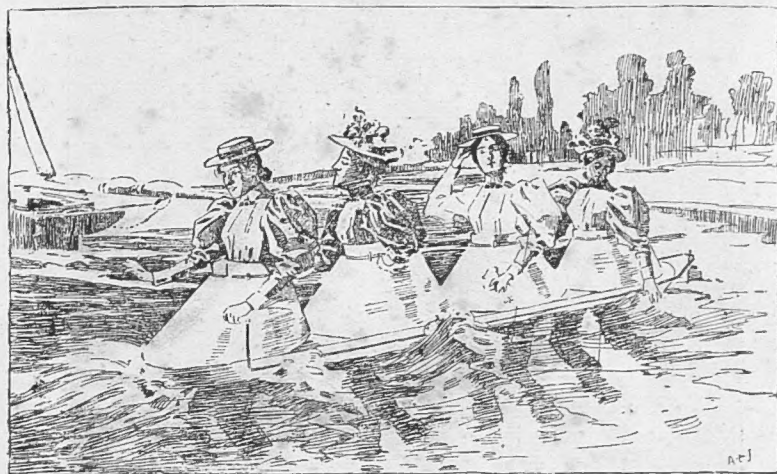
use of the German Emperor and Empress. They have since been occupied by the Duke of Aosta and his Duchess, and had the Prince of Naples adhered to that resolution which it required all the charms of Princess Hélène to break, the splendid suite would have been reserved exclusively for the use of the young Duke who stands next in the order of succession.

Among the many curious scenes in the street life of London there can be few more curious than the "Old Clo" sales in Whitecross Street. The vendors are generally not possessed even of a stall or barrow: their goods lie on the ground before them, heaped on a piece of sacking in a heterogeneous mass of a most uninviting appearance. Nevertheless, they are soon surrounded by a crowd of women, whose own apparel bears such a strong resemblance to that offered for sale that novelty cannot be one of the attractions. The saleswomen—there are generally two or three—in raucous voices invite the crowd to buy, and hold up garment after garment that their full splendour may be seen. The sales are generally conducted on the principle of the Dutch auction, that of lowering the price until a purchaser comes forward. This is a good way of convincing buyers that they are obtaining extraordinary bargains. I saw an aristocratic sealskin mantle with a quilted silk lining held up to the admiration of the crowd. The fur was rubbed and mangy and the silk lining hung in threads and tatters, but there was still a lingering suggestion of decayed splendour about the garment that was quite pathetic. Who knows but it once adorned a window in Regent Street? This lordly article was offered to the ladies of Whitecross Street for the moderate sum of fifteenpence! There was no rush of competing purchasers. There was not a single bid; and the price was gradually lowered, till at length that mantle, which might once have enfolded a duchess, was knocked down for a vulgar "tanner"! Besides clothes, every necessary for a household can be purchased in Whitecross Street, and not a few luxuries as well, such as books of sermons, back numbers of fashion-papers, and highly coloured "vawses," to use the dialect of the district.

Cheiro is back in town for a few months, and when I called upon him a week ago at his Bond Street flat, he showed me a really wonderful machine of which he has secured the use. It was invented by d'Odiardo, has been the subject of a report to the French Academy of Sciences, and is, he told me, in daily use at the Notting Hill Gate Hospital. The machine registers the exact amount of cerebral force at the moment of the test, by means of a very delicate needle, and a subject's power over that needle varies with his mental equipment. An idiot can do nothing with it; a man strong with great mental development can influence the needle considerably. Cheiro records every motion, directs your efforts in certain directions, and finally explains results, which are invariably in keeping with the lines on the recto of the hand. I went to the celebrated palmist's rooms with some men who believe in very little except themselves. They all confessed that what they were told was surprisingly true. After all, Cheiro's work is but another branch of the research by which M. Bertillon has analysed crime and placed it upon record.

Scarce a day passes by but some American citizen follows the example of his great compatriot, Edison, and patents an invention which is to "knock spots" off all existing arrangements. The latest aquatic wonder is, I'm told, specially devoted to the use of ladies. It is a boat without oars, and a craft which, when manned by half-a-dozen pretty girls, will merely move along the surface of the water without the apparent use of any motor-power. As an actual fact, although

the boatwomen may sit with their arms crossed, if it so suits them, they will really be working very hard, paddling their craft along with the help of flexible leggings, which, projecting from the bottom-piece of the boat, have fitted to their sides feathering paddles. As to the body of the boat, it is really an oval-shaped rubber tube, which, once inflated with air, floats along as easily as a cork, the tube being made up of innumerable sections, so that



A NOVEL BOAT.

should a hair- or hat-pin drop and puncture any part of the india-rubber, nothing will happen to the adventurous young ladies who are courageous enough to trust their lives to Mr. Hiram D. Lyman's curious invention. As to the question of the rudder, which, as most boating people know, is by no means unimportant, it will be worked in the usual way; but probably in time the inventor will think of some new fashion in which to steer the latest addition to water-cycles.

Never in the history of the London wine trade has such a scene been witnessed as that which occurred at the London Commercial Sale-Rooms in Mincing Lane on Thursday and Friday, when 34,846 dozens of burgundies and clarets were offered for sale, entirely without reserve, by Mr. J. W. Bashford. The Sale-Rooms are well worth a visit. Much of the produce of the world is sold there, and nearly every trade is represented. Many of us have witnessed the horse sales of Messrs. Tattersall; some may have seen the wild excitement of the wool sales, and have experienced the startling lung-powers of those who attend to buy; but at the Commercial Sale-Rooms the men of business transact their affairs leisurely and quietly, and a wine sale is no exception to the rule. The burgundies and clarets in question were the property of the executors of the late Mr. C. T. Grainger, whose name and standing in the wine trade was a household word to the people in that business. The wines fetched their full value, from 20s. to 70s., 80s., &c.



A RECORD WINE SALE IN MINCING LANE.

Tangier is a city of strange people and strange sights. Nobody would imagine that less than forty miles away from this place, where civilisation is of the crudest, the greatest of the civilised Powers guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. The visitor to Tangier or



A MOORISH WOMAN GRINDING GRAIN.

Photo by Cavilla, Tangier.

Tetuan is, to all intents and purposes, hundreds of miles from Europe, and among the primitive customs of which he is likely to be a spectator, none will be more interesting than the bread-making here depicted. The women, who are little better than slaves, do the work, and commence by grinding the grain between two flat, circular stones connected by a piece of iron. Then they make big, amorphous loaves sufficiently large to satisfy several hungry men, and these—loaves, not men—are baked on small brick stoves, of which most houses possess at least one. In the very poorest quarters the women make the bread, and send it out to be baked for some very trifling charge. Early morning is the time of bread-making, and many of the people work at the doors of their houses. They labour in the sad, mechanical fashion that indicates the tyranny of their overbearing lords and masters, well knowing that though perfection will elicit no praise, anything short of that high standard will result in curses, not to say blows. Bread in Tangier is light and good-eating, and, with a little fruit, serves to sustain many of the poorer population.

I have received a newspaper from distant Fiji whose leading article is devoted to native sponges. This is interesting to English folks, not because we have no native "sponges"—a visit at luncheon- or dinner-time to clubs and restaurants would disprove so rash an assertion—but because the sponges in question are not those which batten upon their friends, but which are dear to the soap-and-water loving Englishman from a toilet point of view. That sponges exist on the Fiji coast has long been known, but their quality has been considered inferior; now it would appear that a better class of sponge is forthcoming in large quantities, and the sponge-fishing industry will possibly become of the greatest importance to the Colony. Mr. Leslie J. Walker, the energetic Postmaster at Suva, is the pioneer of the new movement. He has forwarded samples to a London house of sponge-importers, and has received from them in reply a letter of a most encouraging character, and the coast-line of Fiji, some two thousand miles, is likely ere long to be the scene of a new minor industry, thanks to Mr. Walker's exertions.

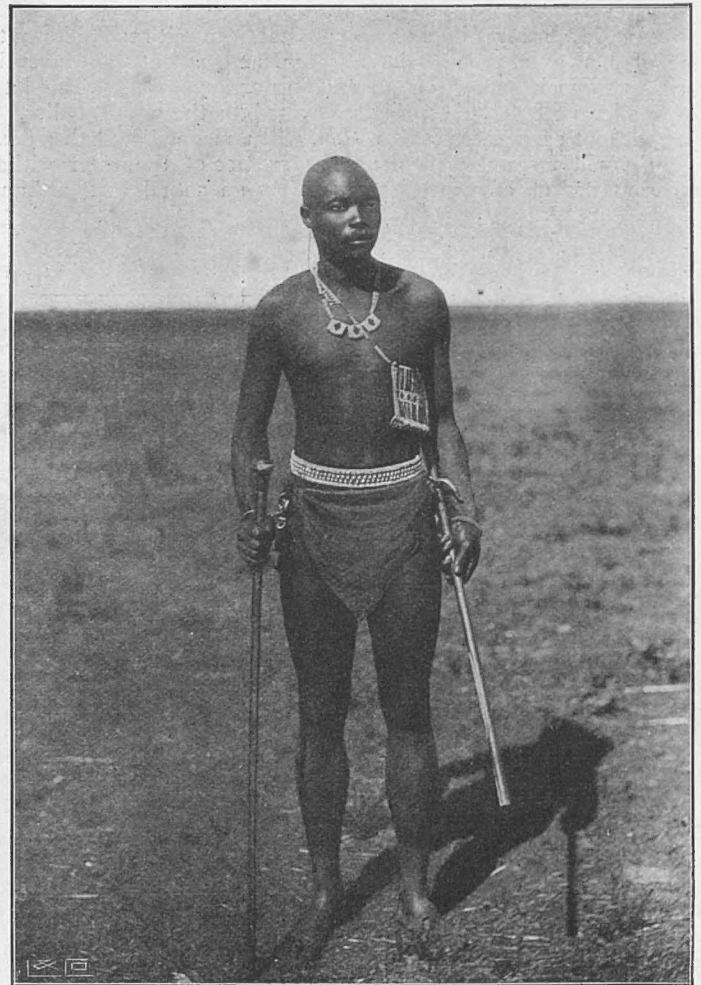
Yet another London hostelry of the very old school is doomed to pass away to make room for a large modern hotel. The Red Cow at Hammersmith has stood on the high road from London for more than two centuries, and, although much of its old-world flavour has been destroyed by alterations and glaring yellow paint, it has still many picturesque features—its quaint bow-windows, sign-post, low-roofed chambers, and old tap-room with curiously fashioned seats, which are preserved in their original form. The tap, indeed, still smacks of former days, despite the skittish modern theatre-bills that adorn the walls. Among the traditions recently circulated concerning this vanishing hostel, the most prominent has been that the inn was a great posting station in the olden time. If this means merely that it supplied post-horses to private travellers, the statement is accurate enough, as the extensive stable-yard proves. If, however, as has been asserted, the term "posting station" is taken to imply that stage-coaches from London

to the West made their first change of horses here, the careful antiquary does well to doubt. And in this he will be applauded by the Hammersmith Public Librarian, an authority on local antiquities, who finds the inn too near London for a relay, the first being usually at Brentford. In traditions the house is not rich, the most interesting being that in one of its parlours E. L. Blanchard wrote "The Memoirs of a Malacca Cane." The Red Cow is said to have been formerly more or less a rendezvous of artists and literary men. Be this as it may, to-day its associations are unromantic. It is the great halting-place of the West-End pirate 'bus, and on Sundays it is the first open house on the high road towards the West. Being exactly three miles from Hyde Park Corner, the Red Cow marks the point at which travellers become *bonâ-fide* and may legally quench their inevitable Sabbatic thirst. Close by the side of the house ran Red Cow Lane, which modern suburban "taste" has converted to Collet Gardens, lest haply the new houses might not let readily. And thus Old London vanishes, bit by bit, before a barbarian other than the now impossible New Zealander of Macaulay.

Another remnant of Old London will soon disappear, for certain buildings round Cripplegate Church are to be pulled down for the sake of clearer passage to the place where John Milton was buried. So, day by day, year by year, all that was quaint and pleasant to look upon disappears, and in its place we get the hideous modern erections in which utility is the beginning and the end. I have written so many paragraphs in these columns denouncing the City that its continued indifference and will to live distress me beyond measure. The week following publication I go Citywards expecting to find the place in ruins, and, on the contrary, it is all alive and noisy as ever. Where, then, is the vaunted power of the Press? But for the repose of its churches the City would be a vulgar, blatant impossibility, and I can only hope that this kindness in making the one at Cripplegate more apparent is not done by way of prelude to its demolition or reconstruction. What a pity it is that utility and antiquity have so very little in common!

While the Alhambra management have erected an imitation of Van Tassel's Inn for the "Rip Van Winkle Ballet," the Americans are pulling down the real article, that for nearly two hundred years has been a part of all the history up the Hudson by Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow.

I notice that there has been a rush of young men for posts in the new police force in South Africa. I do not know what are the attractions of being a "copper" in Rhodesia, but I feel certain that if these young



A BASUTO "BOBBY."

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

Englishmen are to be supplied with the costume of the Basuto "bobby" whose picture I reproduce here, there will be some hesitation on the part of my countrymen in sailing for Darkest Africa.



ANOTHER VANISHING LONDON LANDMARK.

The sons of his Excellency the Persian Minister to England are enthusiastic wheelmen. Prince Mohammed Khan, who is fourteen, and Prince Hossem Khan, who is his junior by two years, converse with equal facility in the Persian, French, and English languages, are good musicians, and display marked dramatic talent. Both are expert cyclists, and ride "Swift" machines, which they completely mastered in three lessons. Mdle. de la Vallée, who has been the governess of the Princes for the past five years, is an enthusiastic wheelwoman. During a recent visit to Ennismore Gardens, the London residence of the Minister (says a correspondent), I was shown a favourite toy of Prince Mohammed Khan, consisting of a model railway locomotive and tender, mounted on miniature lines, and presented to him during a recent visit to Sheffield by Mr. Wilson, of the firm of Messrs. Cammel and Co. It is painted a light brown, with the owner's crest on one side, and the motive-power is methylated spirit. He has also a beautiful model of a yacht, which is sailed sometimes on the Serpentine.

The school-room is a comfortably furnished apartment, containing a piano and other features calculated to minister to the pleasure or instruction of these fortunate boys, and the walls are hung with one of Walter Crane's artistic papers, depicting English stories and nursery rhymes. On the left side of the entrance-hall is the dining-room, with ample accommodation for a large party, and the first floor is entirely occupied by a suite of reception-rooms, panelled with gold-and-brown satin damask, with soft-grey painted furniture upholstered in yellow-and-white brocade. Oriental carpets, exquisite Persian embroideries, and shaded lamps form a perfect harmony of colour, and subtly convey an impression of luxury tempered by refined taste. In a prominent position is an excellent portrait of the late Shah. His successor, it is rumoured, is contemplating a European tour. Mirza Hossem Khan has already received a decoration and a signal mark of the King's favour, and none can doubt that the career of these talented brothers will be as brilliant as that of their distinguished father, whose diplomatic qualities are highly esteemed and appreciated by our Foreign Office.

One evening, scarce a week ago, while passing through a side street in the West Central district of town, I came upon a scene that exemplified the willingness of the great British Public to buy anything, however useless, so long as it appears to be a bargain. There was a sale at a shop, obviously a mock auction, for notices relating to "positively the last few days of the sale" had seemingly been pasted over the windows for weeks. A terribly cute auctioneer, some confederates, a sprinkling of fools, and one wise man completed the living picture. I stayed listening and wondering for quite half an hour while silly people burdened themselves with all sorts of things for which they had no apparent use. Worthless

pictures, common electro-plate, opera-glasses, cutlery, all sold freely, "without reserve." There were cases of fish- and dessert-knives and forks, such as are daily advertised in the paper by those philanthropists who bought them for ten pounds and are willing to sacrifice for thirty shillings. The ware was Brummagem, the sale was fraudulent, yet, in the hopes of getting something below its market-value, presumably sane men and women loaded themselves with useless, worthless lumber. I am afraid that my opinions were evident without being expressed, for one of the confederates finally came up to me and remarked, "Look y'ere, guv'nor, if you ain't a buyer, don't 'inder them as is. We've got to get our livin', we 'ave." Evidently there is only room for swindlers and their dupes at these mock auctions.

A friend in Cyprus has just sent me a set of the new postage-stamps.

These, philatelists may be interested to learn, are similar to the former issue, but are more effective in appearance from the fact that the name "Cyprus" and the amount are printed in a colour different from the other parts of the label. There are higher values, too, than the Cypriots have ever possessed before. The largest value in this new issue is forty-five piastres, or about five shillings English. Cyprus is one of those possessions that might at any moment cease to belong to England, and should the island be handed over to Greece, as certain of our statesmen desire, these stamps should become valuable.

A French gentleman of my acquaintance has been telling me some of the troubles that came to him when first he dwelt in England. He could not speak our language, and on the night of his arrival in town was met by a bachelor relative, who took him to his chambers. There, after rest and refreshment, he went to bed and slept soundly. At nine o'clock in the morning he was roused by a tapping at the door, and called out to know if it was his relation. There was no reply. A moment later the handle turned, and the old, deaf housekeeper of the establishment came in, looked round, began a sentence, got as far as "Can I," and then retired precipitately. My friend then locked the door, dressed, went downstairs where his relative awaited him, and lodged a complaint against the old woman. He explained that she had roused him from his sleep, and called him a bad name. "But she can't speak a word of French," replied his startled host; "she's an Irishwoman." "She has deceived you," responded the Frenchman; "she woke me up and called me 'canaille.'" Then the misunderstanding stood revealed and was, of course, promptly explained.

Mr. Hanna, one of the chief organisers on the McKinley side in the Presidential campaign, is blessed with a pretty daughter, aged sweet sixteen, who is quite as self-willed as her celebrated father. One of Miss Ruth Hanna's notable characteristics is her fondness for riding, and she habitually rides her gallant steed astride, and dressed in regulation male costume. For her exploits as an equestrienne Miss Ruth Hanna, who has been accustomed to horse-flesh since she was a child, wears wide breeches, tight-fitting leggings, a smart cutaway coat, a mannish shirt-front, with collar and tie in keeping therewith, and a natty hat. Thus dressed, not unlike some serio-comics and principal boys, Miss Hanna boldly gallops about the suburb of Cleveland where her father has built himself a lordly pleasure-house.



THE PERSIAN PRINCES.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE PERSIAN MINISTER'S BOYS.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

What was once Toole's Theatre is now little better than a frontage and a name. The devastating pick has been at work, and when, the other day, I glanced upon the desolated scene, dust, fluttering scraps of wall-paper, crumbling mortar, and heaps of rubbish met my regretful eye, and the pleasant recollections of many bygone hours evoked these sentiments—

A dusty space with ragged walls I spy,
Where once Toole rollicked gaily as "Paul Pry";
There stood the stage where "Walker, London," walked,
Where "The Don" lectured and "The Butler" talked,
Where "Spelling Bee" was held, and where, 'tis said,
That "Dot" was "Going It" like a "Thoroughbred."
Where are those scenes that once "Paw Claudian" pawed?
Where is the "Mint of Money" "Aunty" drew?
Where are the chairs "The Serious Family" sat
Upon and gazed at Aminadab's hat?
Where the stage door, guarded with jealous rage,
Through which "Stage Dora" passed to tread the stage?
Where is the "Place" that saw the "Birth of Prodiges"?
And "Artful Cards" were played by king of dodgers?
I strain my eyes to find some slightest sign
Of where the Management went "Off the Line,"
But all in vain, I cannot spy the place!
Of the "Gullin's Elopement" there's no trace!
Our Toole has left his London broken-hearted,
Like "A Fool and His Money," they are parted;
His temple's crumbled as an "Upper Crust,"
Gone are the gods, and naught remains but dust!
I hear a still, small voice which seems to say—
"No more, no more, 'Ici en parle Français'!"

The denizens of Hampstead turned up in goodly numbers at the Hampstead Conservatoire on Thursday night to give a cordial welcome to Mr. Ernest Meads in his Shaksperian and dramatic recital. The



MR. ERNEST MEADS.

Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Orford Street, W.

concert-giver had the assistance of able musicians, but undertook the chief work himself, delivering very successfully three recitations set by Mr. Stanley Hawley to music. Of these nothing pleased better than Poe's "Bells," which Mr. Hawley himself accompanied with most descriptive music. Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" and Scott's "Young Lochinvar" were effectively rendered for the first time to Mr. Hawley's music. In Shakspeare Mr. Meads acquitted himself admirably in Act I., Scene I., of "Richard II.," and, later on, brought the boasting Falstaff quite before his listeners in a scene from "Henry IV.," Part I. Another dramatic recitation was the "Benediction," translated from François Coppée, while those who enjoy a hearty laugh had it at the end, when, with much humour, Mr. Meads told the tale of "The Passenger for Crewe," and quoted Jerome on "The Telephone." Mr. Meads has a handsome personality, and the quality of his voice is exceptionally fine, now ringing forth like a clarion, and again rich and sonorous; he possesses the gifts which should bring him success in his career.

Who has not recoiled from the pencilled comments one meets with in the books of the lending library? The makers of them certainly appear, as a rule, to be drawn from a lower organisation. It is, therefore, perhaps only fair to record a pencilled criticism, if one is ever met with, which may induce the reader to believe that even people of intelligence are bitten with the scribbling mania. At the seaside a week or two ago I was seized with a desire to re-read a certain novel of George Meredith's. At the end of the book there appeared the following pencilled note, which struck me as a not inept summary of our great novelist's style and genius—

George Meredith, a fertile imaginer of plots, a fine draughtsman of character; a speaker of original matter in a most incisive manner, he strenuously compels one to read, and makes one uncomfortable while reading by a certain stiffness and disjointedness of style that appear to be his inseparable companions.

The handwriting was, I think, a woman's.

"Women are taking to walking-sticks," says an oracle of fashion. These implements are to be seen, of all shapes and sizes and ornamentation, in the hands of the fair. I wonder whether this is the beginning of the "spanking" era predicted by Sarah Grand. That authority once told us that man's selfish supremacy ought to be "spanked" out of him in the nursery. Perhaps women have given this up in despair, and are going to ply the adult male tyrant with the stout bamboo. The lady in the tramcar, who rebuked the mere man for offering her his seat, may take an early opportunity of laying a cane about the shoulders of the next graceless creature who annoys her with these "wretched gallantries."

I hear that a company has lately been organised in America under the title of the "Twins Insurance Company." It undertakes to insure the policy-holder against becoming the father of twins. He pays five pounds, which entitles him to the benefits of the company for all time. Should his family be blessed by the addition of twins, he receives two hundred pounds, on the just assumption that he will need more money if he is going to feed and clothe and educate two children instead of one.

In Miss Ruth Davenport the Empire Theatre has secured a vocalist of unusual ability, and the favour extended by the public to good singers is shown by the applause that nightly rewards the efforts of the American soprano. For the first week she was at a big disadvantage,

owing to the change of pitch, having been accustomed to the Continental pitch throughout her professional existence, and being quite unused to English methods. Miss Davenport has a delightful voice, rich, powerful, well trained, and singularly sweet. She can sing any style of work—the operatic aria, the sentimental ballet, the descriptive and humorous song. At Koster and Bial's and Hammerstein's in New York she is a very great favourite; Proctor's Theatre and the Eden Musée know her; she has played in English pantomime at the Chicago Auditorium. The present is her first engagement in London,

and is not likely to be the last, for her gifts are not limited to her voice. She has what so many performers lack, the power of compelling an audience to listen attentively, and when I heard her a few nights ago was delighting the house with her rendering of Carl Zeller's famous "Nightingale" song. In private life Miss Davenport is known as Mrs. Charles Wilson, wife of the former stage-manager at the Empire Theatre, a gentleman whose knowledge of music-hall matters is at once extensive and peculiar. I am always glad to see a vocal turn at a music-hall like the Empire, because the tendency of ballets, acrobatic and performing-animal turns, living and animated pictures, and similar novelties, is to bring about a performance in which the human voice is conspicuous by its absence. Perhaps many people do not notice this, but the continued silence of an entertainment has an eminently depressing effect upon me. I would almost welcome a "lion comique" as a momentary change. Whether I voice the opinions of many music-hall frequenters in this matter, I do not know; indeed, I sometimes think that the average music-hall patron has no opinion beyond the positive or negative quality of an individual turn. He seems to seek the variety theatre in order to get a rest from thought and consideration of any severe kind.

M. Léon Delafosse, who is at present giving recitals at St. James's Hall, is one of the most celebrated French pianists. Born twenty-five years ago, he studied at the Paris Conservatoire, carrying off several



M. LÉON DELAFOSSE.

Photo by Dupont, Brussels.

first prizes. Among others he secured one at the age of thirteen, when studying under the able direction of M. Marmontel. Since then the greatest Symphony Concerts in Paris, the French provinces, and abroad have opened wide their doors to him, and everywhere he has obtained real triumphs. His repertoire is considerable, and his execution is specially brilliant in the works of Liszt. M. Delafosse is fair and slender, with blue eyes. He is a charming composer, and has written several works for piano and various suites of melodies on verses by Count Robert de Montesquieu, who nicknamed him "the lion of the piano."

M. Delafosse was heard in London nearly three years ago in two private recitals at the new Erard Hall, in which Sarah Bernhardt lent him the assistance of her talent.



MISS RUTH DAVENPORT.

Photo by Taylor, Kentish Town, N.W.

"LOVE IN IDLENESS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Langfier, Glasgow.

Rarely does a meritorious play come so near to success without quite reaching it as "Love in Idleness." By "success," of course, I make no reference to the box-office view of the term, but to success in holding an audience to the end. The early parts charmed everybody, particularly those who, like myself, take a keen pleasure in being entertained by brilliance of manner rather than quality of subject. Mr. Pendlebury is



Pendlebury, inspired by the statue of Edison, becomes tremendously busy.

a delightful "old boy," and I, for one, can sympathise with a fellow who always puts off till the morrow if possible. It seems quite unjust that Providence should ill-treat a man merely because he prefers to sit in the sun and think "colossal ideas" instead of "hustling around" to earn money at the expense of someone else. Moreover, some of us had been put into a good humour by two matters of stage-management. The young men on the stage did not smoke. Oh, how the critic longs to be an actor, when, after rushing from dinner, sometimes coffeess, without getting more than a few whiffs of a cigarette, he watches the men on the other side of the footlights calmly puffing away at their cigars: it is quite a Tantalus suffering! Secondly, Mr. Sydney Brough kept his caresses of his sweetheart down to kissing her hands—obviously a noble act of self-denial, since Miss Hilda Rivers is a handsome girl as well as charming actress. I get quite shocked at the lip-and-face kissing that is done on our stage—Tantalus suffering again, some may say. At any rate, the English stage *fiancée* surrenders her lips and cheeks with an absence of coyness that would rob her lover of all his pleasure if he were of a delicate character. I shall never forget the kissing in "The Professor's Love Story."

By-the-bye, Mr. J. M. Barrie's play reminds me in style of the Parker-Goodman comedy, which, however, seems a more artistic work than the earlier piece. "A Pair of Spectacles" also comes into mind; but the younger dramatists have fallen far below the Labiche-Grundy combination. Indeed, "Love in Idleness" is a fantastic farce, with many pleasant scenes, but lacking the finesse in character-drawing that rendered the family and friends of Benjamin Goldfinch fascinating. It is somewhat laboured and mechanical, and, after listening with joy to half, one begins to feel that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and becomes a trifle impatient. After all, Mr. Parker has himself to blame and thank for the want of enthusiasm about the new work. He has written plays of far higher quality, and one is disappointed by a piece which with another and less-admired signature would have been hailed with delight.

One cannot forget that "Gudgeons" was given in this very theatre—"Gudgeons," a brilliant comedy the failure of which has never ceased to puzzle me; nor does "The Blue Boar" escape memory, since, if less in merit than "Gudgeons," it was cleverer and more entertaining than "Love in Idleness." What ungrateful dogs we are! After groaning at the epidemic of chaotic musical medleys, and pining for real drama,

we grumble at the over-formality of a pretty farce of more merit than all the musical go-as-you-please things put together. The very thought of many evenings spent this year in the theatres—but hardly at the theatre—makes me feel sure that I was delighted the other night at Terry's and too stupid to be aware of it, or that my mind and humour were dull and irresponsive. Of course, it is the fault, the eternal drawback of criticism, that you cannot be sure you were in the right mood. All of us are liable to dyspepsia and colds, as well as to rates and taxes, and when we pine for advertised "liver-ticklers" or bath-towel handkerchiefs, we are apt to take a jaundiced or coryzaic view of a play. My recollection tells me that I was in brilliant health, and yet memories of Mr. Terry stimulating himself to feverish work by gazing on the bust of Edison, memories of Mr. de Lange coming at early morn in white gloves with what we should call evening-dress to make a formal offer of his daughter's hand, and making it earnestly, "without prejudice" to his distaste of the marriage—memories, too, of happy phrases and quaint situations—make me wonder why I yawned where, doubtless, I should have laughed, and fidgetted at moments that demanded eager attention. Certainly "Love in Idleness," if not the masterpiece for which we hoped and sighed, is a pretty play of undeniable originality; and if it be played a little faster, and one or two members of a rather feeble company receive invitations to find engagements elsewhere, it should prove successful.

Mr. Edward Terry was almost at his best as the lazy old gentleman stimulated to unbecoming activity, and, of course, very amusing and somewhat pathetic. Mr. de Lange once more gave a brilliant little picture of a Frenchman, and made everyone roar with laughter. Mr. Sydney Brough deserved a better part than the one he played very well. Miss Bella Pateman pleased everyone, and Miss Hilda Rivers played her part charmingly—so charmingly as to make me curious concerning her career, as to which Londoners are ignorant. She created the part when the piece was produced, and has been playing it ever since during Mr. Edward Terry's provincial tour, and in it has made her first important London appearance and a success. By birth an Anglo-Indian, she came West when only three years of age, and was educated at home and at Düsseldorf, and was fortunate enough to have studied elocution under Professor John Millard while at school. In 1892 she decided to adopt the stage as her profession, and started in a provincial melodrama company. Since that time Miss Rivers has never known what "resting" means, and has had constant opportunities of playing the best parts in several of the leading repertoire companies,



He sets out to begin a life of work.

especially during seasons under Mr. Ben Greet, the late Mr. Richard Edgar, and her present manager, Mr. Edward Terry, as well as filling engagements under Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Mr. F. G. Lathom, and others, and if she continues as she has begun she will prove a very valuable addition to the London stage. Last July she was married to Mr. R. G. Legge, Mr. George Alexander's courteous secretary, and the present acting-manager at the Royalty Theatre.

MONOCLE.

"LOVE IN IDLENESS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Langfier, Glasgow.



MR. TERRY AS MORTIMER PENDLEBURY AND MISS RIVERS AS MAGGIE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"You don't know—but we're abysses. At least, I'm one," says Tony Bream in Mr. James's new and terrible story, "The Other House" (Heinemann). Indeed, there is truth in this. All through the first volume we had no idea of the abysses: the tale began in so airy and jaunty a fashion. True, at the very start, a woman lay at the point of death some rooms away from us, but the pervading hopefulness, the decorum, the light-tripping humour, the play of character, diverted our minds from the gloomy fact. In Miss Armiger's extremely light-grey eyes, in the flash of her "small, square, white teeth," one could not guess villainy; yet murder was lurking there—horrible murder, too, of a little, innocent child. There are all the elements of melodrama in "The Other House," but Mr. James will not allow it to come to that. Policemen and coroners and other vulgar circumstances are kept afar off by the extreme decorousness of everyone concerned, of the criminal herself, and the bereaved parent, and the family doctor, who knows all about it. Perhaps a trifle more melodrama would have made the scene liker to human proceedings. But, just as it stands, it is at least very clever, while the leading up to the point where suppressed passion has its terrible reaction is simply admirable. Mr. James is at his own special work there, dealing deftly with human creatures who deal elliptically with each other, playing with them, keeping them constantly on the move, yet ever in hand. The characters, save one, are masterpieces. The only vague person is the wicked Rose—a quite unusual circumstance.

"George Mandeville's Husband" was a very well-written novel, with a hitch somewhere in its reading of human nature. "The New Moon" was subtle, and very strong in parts. C. E. Raimond's new book comes to me, therefore, as a disappointment. "Below the Salt" (Heinemann) is a collection of studies mostly drawn from the servant class, if there can be called a class which includes the "slaveys" and the grave, responsible Anne Carter of the last story. In the best sketch of all, "The Fatal Gift of Beauty"—and very clever it is—the heroine is a lodging-house keeper. With one or two exceptions, all the stories have the air of being anecdotes directly torn out of personal experience; and nothing is so unsatisfactory as that in fiction, and nothing so untrue.

In 1887 Mr. Lang's version of "Aucassin and Nicolette" was first published in a limited and beautiful edition. We should all like to possess that edition, but we cannot. Mr. Nutt has done a good deed, then, in issuing a cheap reprint of this little treasure—the most exquisite bit of work Mr. Lang ever put his hand to, be the next best what it may.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outworn, so foredone,
Sick and woful, worn and sad,
But is healed, but is glad
'Tis so sweet,

sings, in Mr. Lang's version, the old man who wrote it in captivity, who, "having said farewell to love, has yet a kindly, smiling interest in its fever and folly. Nothing better has he met, even now that he knows 'a lad is an ass.' He tells a love-story, a story of love overmastering, without conscience or care of aught but the beloved. And the *veil caitif* tells it with sympathy, and with a smile. 'Oh, folly of fondness!' he seems to cry; 'Oh, merry days of desolation!'" And so let all sad elderly readers hasten to the bower of Nicolette.

When a collection of verses numbers in all less than a score of pieces, it is apt to go hard with it if all these be not excellent. Mr. Elkin Mathews has issued a little selection from Canon Dixon's poems in his "Shilling Garland," and the merit of some of the contents is very dark to me. But there are bursts of originality and of beauty, albeit severe in kind. And to such as like thoughtful poetry I would point to one piece dealing with a matter very pertinent to us to-day. It is called "Ode on Conflicting Claims," and is an answer to the question, "Hast thou no right to joy?" Many good people, realising the inevitable misery around them, say distinctly, "No." Canon Dixon has a different answer—holds, in fact, that the right is inherent in the capacity. Only, if the capacity be dead, if some old "poet's book" that once brought joy—

Yield no more the old ecstasy,
Then give thyself to tears.

Mr. T. Watters, who has spent thirty years in China in the Consular Service, has just written a very charming book, entitled "Stories of Everyday Life in Modern China, told in Chinese, and Done into English," published by Mr. Nutt. These tales convey a very different notion of the Chinese people from that which is generally entertained, but, as Mr. Watters has had such long experience, and speaks the language, we may accept the truth of all that he records. He has heard the stories related, and merely translates them into English. Those who are beginning to have had enough of the doubtful morality of the modern novel will find a pleasant change in these simple chapters, which are delightfully written. They give what we may accept as correct details of family life in China, how marriages, deaths, and other domestic events are carried out. It is pleasant in reading this book to find that Ah Sin is not the only type of character to be found in the Middle Kingdom.

On its illustrated side Miss Julia Cartwright's "Life and Letters of Jean François Millet" (Sonnenschein) is admirable. For the nine well-chosen, well-executed photogravures the book is worth procuring. The critical part is too wordy, but otherwise no exception can be taken to it. Millet is

accepted and understood to-day; and besides, he expressed his ideals in words so very precisely that it is impossible to go far wrong. The biographical part is only third-rate. But Millet's life is bound to interest, even when told in a quite superficial fashion. Such heroic perseverance to an ideal through ill report and much misery has hardly ever been surpassed: "They think they can force me to yield, and drive me into their drawing-room art. But they are wrong! A peasant I was born, and a peasant I will die! I am determined to say what I feel, and to paint things as I see them. I mean to hold my own, without retreating so much as a sabot's length!" So he spoke, and so he acted, amid an opposition so steady and so stupid that it is hardly conceivable to us now when his "Angelus" is a hackneyed favourite.

Miss Cartwright has depended too much on Sensier's Life, which was necessarily very black in tone; for to Sensier, as his agent, were confided all the painter's money troubles, and Millet was always in a muddle. The note of distress is not exaggerated—Millet suffered terribly from want of money—but it is given undue prominence; and the consequence is that the man whom she wishes us to receive as a saint appears too often as a mere grumbler. This is the kind of thing that is always happening in inferior biographies. The writers regard criticism of their idol as attack. They will not own he falls short anywhere, or even that he varies from the standard they have set up, and which very likely he never owned. So they dehumanise, they emasculate him. But it is useless and quite out of place to complain here. Of all literary enterprises, biography is the most miserably performed. It is done after the methods used by painters of fashionable ladies, and with less skill. Miss Cartwright's book is better than many of the kind. Only, one could wish a little of the spirit of Millet, that most frank lover of truth, that good hater of false sentiment, had been granted to her in the fulfilment of her task.

The adventures and vicissitudes in recent days of the Balkan States have lately been a valuable mine of suggestion for romantic writers. One of the best stories of the kind is Mr. Sydney Grier's "An Uncrowned King" (Blackwood). Mr. Grier is a young writer of promise who, a year or so ago, brought out a story of great merit, "In Furthest Ind," and, more recently, "His Excellency's English Governess," uneven in quality, but with good stuff in it. In this Balkan tale he has done his best. We need not try to pick out Thracia in the map. It is enough to know that it wanted a king, and had a very powerful minister who, after vainly looking about for one of the little princes of Europe, offered the throne to an English nobleman. Lord Carleon accepts, sticks manfully to a difficult post, and shows honest, simple, sterling, and not at all brilliant qualities. Rather grotesquely, he inaugurates his reign by a measure of temperance legislation. Meanwhile his brother abets him, and again, for his good, thwarts him, by more worldly-wise methods. But neither simplicity nor plotting avails. Down they go in a sudden revolution, after sundry amusing and tragic adventures, chiefly connected with an Irish-Polish-Russian family called O'Malachy. The father, the mother, and the son are rogues, traitors, and spies. The daughter is all that is uncompromisingly honest, aggressively straightforward, disagreeably high-minded. She has a virtuous reason for quarrelling with everybody every minute, as a protest against the softness and the deceit of this feeble, wicked world. In a thorny way, she is very amusing, but we leave poor Carleon to the tender mercies of her conscience with an anxious pang. "An Uncrowned King" is an ingenious, entertaining story, never wholly serious, never farcical.

We are led from it to a serious work dealing with the same part of the world, Mr. W. Miller's volume in the "Story of the Nations" Series on "The Balkans" (Unwin). It is the first attempt to give to English readers a continuous and concise account of Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro. Sedate in manner, practical and political in purpose, it is yet teeming with the stuff of romance. As Mr. Miller says, "The mutual jealousies of Bulgarian and Serb, the struggle of various races for supremacy in Macedonia, the alternate friendship and enmity of the Russian and the Turk, are all facts which have their root deep down in the past annals of the Balkan lands." It is a timely book and a thoughtful one, its final conviction being that a Balkan Confederation, the dream of the late M. Tricoupis, is the solution of many problems in Eastern Europe.

It is not easy to define Mr. Stockton's charm—a charm which captivates us even when we are accusing him of silliness. Perhaps it is because he sinks to silliness with such unaffected modesty and grace that we feel indulgent: but yet, patronising tolerance, our second and better thoughts tell us, is quite out of place directed towards anything so amusing and witty as even the most frivolous of his stories. A great deal of the pleasure he affords proceeds from his air of imperturbable good-nature, and from his evident lack of any desire that the world should be made up entirely of enlightened and reasonable people. Whether "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht" (Cassell) be better or worse than its predecessors, I do not know; but I can vouch for its having a balmy effect on the temper. It is a sequel to "The Adventures of Captain Horn," being the relation of what Mrs. Cliff—who, it will be remembered, was with the captain on his dangerous and romantic voyage—did with her share of the treasure. The task of spending it is aging the good woman, when she buys the *Summer Shelter* yacht and takes a whole synod for a sea-holiday. Of course, difficulties arise; the ministers have to man the ship, and even to come to close and fighting quarters with pirates. Very pluckily do they take off their black coats, too. The peculiar quality of Mr. Stockton's humour, a mixture of quaint homeliness and daring farce, is seen at its happiest in this situation.

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HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It has always been the besetting sin of artists, particularly French artists, who have more *technique* than imagination, to paint pictures of their studios, their "properties," and their models—preferably undraped. English artists, generally inferior in workmanship, usually go outside their workshops, and rely for success not on clever brush-work so much as on "subject," or the presentation to the British Public of something that it knows or has heard of. It may be only a study of a model and some properties, but you can always call it by a mythological or Biblical name. And if the "subject" picture can suggest anything beyond the mere rendering of a figure—if a story or a romance, or even a possible poem, can be "read into" the pictured eyes, then the critics can gush over the literary aspect of the work with great joy, avoiding those technicalities of art whereof they know (for the most part) nothing, and their readers less.

misunderstood by a careless husband and the cruel world. She is all that is beautiful and bright and fashionable, as well as all that is pathetic and tender and profound; yet others persist in believing her "unsexed."

Oh, aspiring lady novelist! shall I tell the secret? Why have women *not*, as a rule, attained eminence in art and literature? Simply because they can only rarely *be* "unsexed." The New Woman may dress and even smoke like a man, but her novels are one strident blare of Sex from cover to cover. Why have some of the greatest of female writers chosen to write under masculine names? Surely, as a conscious or unconscious mark of the fact that they had got outside Sex, as the great artist must, and could write without having the feminine bias affecting every thought. A man's triumph of literary art is when a woman, reading his work, says to herself, "That is true; but who can have told him?" A woman's triumph is to compel the same reluctant tribute from a man, to penetrate by genius the freemasonry of Sex.



MY GIRL—NOT AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

There seems to be among literary men and women rather a tendency to give us studies of their studios instead of pictures of the outside world. Novelists are taking to tell us of the lives and woes of fictitious novelists, and employing their *technique*, if they have any, to make a picture of their *technique*. We seem to see the artist sitting at one easel and producing a study of his lay-figure posed before another easel, with some drapery thrown gracefully over its wood and papier-mâché shoulders, and its jointed thumb thrust through a palette. It is easy to paint a lay-figure. The figure is always there, and can take any pose the owner likes. And then there is the advantage that, if you are painting a picture of the outside world yourself, you have to produce the picture for criticism; if you paint your lay-figure in the act of doing a work, you need not give specimens of the work. Your lay-figure can, with perfect safety, be made a Raffaele—in description.

Such a picture is the presentation of the lady novelist by the lady novelist, which has been fairly frequent of late, and of which a popular writer has given us two almost consecutive specimens. We have seen the lady novelist grappling with and overcoming the modern literary Satan, or the printer's Devil of the period; now we see her, alas! perishing because

But the Delicias who are murdered by lack of appreciation are unhappy because they cannot get away from sex. A real genius would become really "unsexed" in the sense of becoming a man as well as a woman in comprehension and sympathy. What keeps a husband and wife together most, next to habit, is *camaraderie*, the feeling of comprehension and good-fellowship. A good wife is a chum, and women of genius have had the masculine faculty of making masculine chums without a thought of sex in their relations. It is the half-successful, over-ambitious, restless woman, always self-conscious and worried, who gets the wrong husband, and is misunderstood and finally "murdered" by lack of appreciation. And the doctors bring it in "failure of the heart."

Delicia was a novelist,
Successful, sweet, and smart;
But yet she sighed, and lastly died
Of "failure of the heart."

Yet many lady novelists,
Although as widely read,
Can still contrive to live and thrive
On failure of the head.

MARMITON.



CASSOWARY.



PELICANS.

HOW TO WRITE A MUSICAL BURLESQUE.

If you want to write a musical burlesque,
 The recipes you never must ignore;
 You needn't be amusing or grotesque;
Per contra, you should never fail to bore.
 You needn't care a jot for the nature of the plot—
 Coherency may run the booking dry;
 But you certainly will fail if your idiotic tale
 Doesn't introduce a nigger lullaby.

You must make a naughty reference now and then
 To the funny little things they do in France,
 And, if failing to express it with your pen,
 You can illustrate your meaning with a dance.
 While no matter what your story, you must mouth about the glory
 Of the soldier or the sailor far away;
 Like a stripling of a Kipling, or like Tommy when he's tipping—
 You are bound to write a patriotic lay.

Then you introduce a broker or a Jew,
 A soldier must be pitted with a snob;
 And the idiotic heroine must woo
 In a song that is supposed to make you sob.
 If you start Act I. at home, in the second you must roam
 To the Continent, to India, or Japan;
 And of late the dolly ditty is considered rather pretty,
 For it's well to be domestic—when you can.

You needn't be particular with rhymes,
 "Mamma" and "far" are jingled by the throng;
 While "love" and "move"—how many, many times!—
 Are coupled in the sentimental song.
 A lavish lot of frocks (that display the wearers' clocks)
 Must never, never possibly be missed;
 While your prospects will be bright if the risky opening night
 Sees your "comedy" most vigorously hissed J. M. B.

TWO STRANGE BIRDS.

A friend remarked to me the other day, in a walk through the "Zoo," that the cassowary always reminded him of a handsome lady, dressed daintily in silks and laces, but shod in the rough boots of a farm-labourer. The simile hits the cassowary off exactly. Its thick, rough legs, covered with unclean-looking scales, and ending in three monstrous toes furnished with huge claws, seem altogether out of keeping with the fine finish of its bodily attire. Its long, silky feathers are shed neatly along the back, and always appear as if fresh from the hands of a skilled coiffeur; the bright pigments of its head and neck look as if they had just been touched up; its purple wattles hang like ruby ear-rings, and the crest on its head sets off its erect and proud carriage. However ungainly the legs of the cassowary may appear, they are most useful organs, and are its sole means of locomotion, for its wings have become reduced to small, useless flappers, almost hid in its covering of feathers. They are also its sole means of defence, and it can apply them with most deadly effect, ripping open at a stroke any too venturesome assailant. Cassowaries are most pugnacious birds, utterly untameable, and spar up to a visitor in a way that makes him heartily thankful for the strong fence that protects him from them. They are birds that belong to the same family as the ostrich, emu, rhea, and the great extinct moa of New Zealand. They come from islands lying to the north of Queensland, and very rarely breed in confinement.

No one will dispute the inhabitants of the pelicans' enclosure being the most grotesque and clownish birds in the whole "Zoo." They come from all parts of the world, and, as the illustration shows, are of many kinds. The big white ones seen standing behind the wire fence, tinged really with a fine pink, are the classical Pelicans of the Wilderness from Egypt and Syria; that with the black wings is the ordinary pelican of Australia; the one with its wings tipped with black hails from Mexico; and there are those of India, South Africa, and Europe besides. They are fishers every one of them; one might almost call them trawlers, for the great hopper under their beaks, which can hold nearly a couple of gallons of water, really serves the purposes of a trawl. It is the funniest sight in the world to see them at a meal, and they get a fairly substantial one daily of three pounds of fish each—haddock, or whatever sort of fish may be in the market at the time. If a fish is thrown them, they catch it with the precision of a first-class cricketer, and, in a twinkling of an eye, the head is turned downwards, and all that is further seen of that fish is the shadow of a wave passing down the pelican's neck. Notwithstanding the way they bolt their food, they are long-livers; some are said even to become centenarians, and two of the inhabitants of the "Zoo" are at least twenty-seven years of age. The sea-hawks know that the pelican, in his native haunts, is a most expert and successful fisher, and also have discovered that he is an arrant coward. The sea-hawk hovers lazily about the cliffs while the pelican goes a-fishing on behalf of his wife and children ashore, until he sees his friend winging his way homewards, when he swoops down and puts him into such a state of consternation that the family supper is dropped. The hawk, expecting such a result, snatches the fish before they reach the water, and returns to enjoy a stolen meal, while the poor silly pelican must needs go a-fishing for another supper.

"SOME WOMEN'S WAYS."*

"Who is 't can read a woman?" Miss Dickens has written eight short stories to show that she can. The first story deals with an "honest" woman, Miss Bride Heseltine, who, on accidentally learning that the man she loves and is about to marry, once betrayed a country girl (a protégée of hers, as it happens) in the dim, distant past, sends him back to her ruthlessly. This forced reparation is often insisted on by women in novels, but not often in real life. It is difficult to see if Miss Dickens's heroine or Miss Dickens herself is fully convinced of the expediency of this measure. At any rate, the lover puts his case very clearly when he invites this relentless embodiment of abstract justice, Miss Bride Heseltine, to consider the matter from both sides. "The girl would be righted," he says, "but what about the man? It is only in name that the woman would be better, and the man would be ruined, every prospect and hope in life destroyed in the process." Miss Heseltine continues to insist in the best-chosen and preposterously illogical language. She is a New Woman, but perhaps not quite the newest woman of all. Stephen Gore leaves her, and the letter which she subsequently receives from the betrayed Lucy Gibson points out the obvious result of her interference. Stephen Gore has married Lucy, but "He hasn't no love for me, dear miss, and he and me will live parted always!"

"Out of the Fashion" is a story which concerns itself with the social misadventures of an innocent little bride who, at her husband's request, is taken up by a Mrs. Kenyon-Stowe and brought into fashionable ways. In a short while the young lady outruns her mentor, "and positively takes the latter's breath away." "I am asked in March to keep a little country girl from making herself ridiculous, and in June that little girl is quite capable of giving me points. I am really quite curious to see where she proposes to draw the line," says the shocked chaperon. Christine enjoys herself immensely, loses the good opinion of her relations, and some of the affection of her husband, and does not draw the line until it is drawn for her sharply enough by the insults of Marcus Challoner, and she comes away unscathed but disillusioned. "Christine was never quite the same from that night; never quite so happy, never quite so bright and young. She passed from the white light of such ignorance as hers into the shadow that sin throws even on the guiltless."

The story of the "dear old lady" who exercises such a benign influence on her house-mate, the wilful actress, who calls her, somewhat offensively, "My quaint Keturah," is touching enough, if a little unlikely and far-fetched. She is "shocked—grievously shocked" at Diana's goings on, and says so, but "there is no assumption about the words, no sitting in judgment, and before the perfect simplicity of the innocent feeling to which they witnessed" Diana is deeply touched and affected. Diana was flirting with a married man. She drops him for Miss Keturah's sake, but the story closes with a frantic cry from the woman who has been saved in spite of herself, "Oh, Miss Keturah, I loved him!"

But we must really quarrel with the principles involved in the story "So As By Fire," by far the most serious and thought-out story in the book. The Rev. Maurice Drury becomes Vicar of Corton, and the school-mistress of that village, whose retention of her post lies with him, is a Mrs. Neale, a woman notorious for her frequent lapses into intemperance. But the Rev. Maurice Drury visits Mrs. Neale, who throws herself on his mercy, and "the first act of his incumbency is not the dismissal of his school-mistress." Now, an intemperate school-mistress, however repentant and penitent, is not, and cannot be, a proper guide for youth, and to represent the reverend gentleman as sacrificing the children of his parishioners in order to give a drunkard another chance is not to represent him as a hero or a Christian, or even a gentleman. Mrs. Neale's relapse covers him with shame—deserved shame; and his discovery that it is love for Mrs. Neale which has prompted his indulgence for her weakness makes the case no better. Mrs. Neale refuses to marry Maurice Drury, but she "will be the better for having known him"! No woman could be better for having known a weakling with so little sense of dignity and moral responsibility as Maurice Drury.



MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road, S.W.



AT THE OPERA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARDS AND CO., BALLARAT.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

A very characteristic Marcus Stone, "In the Shade," is reproduced herewith from the *Art Annual*, by permission of Messrs. C. E. Clifford and Co., the publishers of the large plate. According to a kind of

observer of Art movements and attentive to new developments. In saying this, Mr. Baldry only draws necessary and logical conclusions from indubitable premises; but perhaps one may be excused for supposing that Mr. Stone is not likely to change a manner with which he has so carefully and so popularly identified himself.

No matter what artists may think and say about the matter, the photographers still continue to advance their interests with commendable energy and pluck. From the Photographic Salon is here reproduced Mr. Thomas Manby's charmingly sunlit photograph entitled "Aurora." A seated girl, with glint of the sun everywhere discovering her, looks away from the light, her head shaded by a sun-bonnet. The pose is admirable, and the simplicity of the composition attractive and alluring. If photography is really bent upon competing with art, this assuredly is the way to do it. On another page a second engrossing picture is reproduced by the same means, "At the Opera," a combination of three young and beautiful girls absorbed, each after her own fashion, from their box with the business of the stage. In this composition one can almost detect an affinity with the work of the late Albert Moore.

And here, in connection with this very subject, comes the issue of "Photograms of '96," these being a pictorial and literary record of the best photographic work of the year, compiled by the editors and staff of the *Photogram*. It will be recollected that the first volume of the series was issued last year, and was dealt with at the time in this column. The new issue is in every way worthy of the first, the illustrations being in many cases of conspicuous merit. An unexpected view of St. Paul's Cathedral, for example, by Freeman Dovaston, where the great dome is caught hung in the air, as it were, viewed through the bare boughs of a wintry tree, has an artistic quality of selection of the best and worthiest kind. Among so much that is really good, it would be otiose and possibly invidious to choose a handful of names, but such achievements as "November Sunrise in the Pool," by E. Evelyn Barrow; "Dead Waters," by Robert Demachy, and "Christ au Tombeau," by L. Bovier, should be studied by anybody who wishes to know how far photography can go in the production of an artistic picture.

What to all but the technical expert will come as a somewhat unexpected revelation of the enormous range of the uses of photography will be found in a very clever and lucid pamphlet by Mr. Alfred Siersch on "Photography in the Technology of Explosives," just issued by Andrew Reid and Co., of London and Newcastle. Mr. Siersch, in agreeing with those experts who hold that the safety of an explosive appears to increase in proportion as the flash decreases, has endeavoured, in order to measure the flash and to determine its nature and intensity, to collect material for effective comparison by means of photographs of the various phenomena. He shows hence that different explosives give different plates, and that each variety is characterised by its distinctive flash. Here, then, is the basis of that which may lead to very important and interesting discoveries. Mr. Siersch publishes a very admirable collection of photographs of the various flashes with which he has hitherto dealt.



AURORA.—THOMAS MANBY.
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon.

formula which Mr. Stone has made so popular in his time, there is the trim house, the trimmer lawn, the pair of lovers, the evidences of a gay garden tea; and there, too, is the other lady left "in the shade," a trifle sad, but without the pressure of any overwhelming emotion. It would, indeed, not be Marcus Stone if his customary representations of idyllic love and idyllic rejections were marred by the dimmest touch of violence.

The *Art Annual*, to which reference has thus been made, contains a very full and rightly appreciative notice of Mr. Stone by Mr. A. Lys Baldry. It is careful without being in the least exaggerated or fulsome. In the case of Mr. Stone, he declares, no "finality of balancing" is practicable. Despite the fact that this artist's continuous record of appearances in the Academy exhibitions covers a period of nearly forty years, he is still in the prime of life. Changes of style and divergences into branches of practice that he has hitherto left untouched are quite to be expected of him, and all the more because he is a keen



IN THE SHADE.—MARCUS STONE, R.A.

Reprinted from the "Art Annual" by permission of Messrs. C. E. Clifford and Co., Publishers of the Large Plate.



MR. JUSTICE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

PHILOSOPHY MADE IN GERMANY.

A CHAT WITH MAX NORDAU.

Among the many products with which the industrious *Deutscher* has deluged us, certain aspects of philosophy must be reckoned. Nordau's creed is perhaps the best known, and, like most things made in Germany, it has been vigorously attacked. The latest onslaught has been made by Dr. William Hirsch, whose book "*Genius and Degeneration*" (just published by Mr. Heinemann), calmly informs the world that Nordau does not know what the word "degeneration" means. But Nordau is not the man to collapse under the sledge-hammer that only the Teutonic iconoclast can swing, and when (says a *Sketch* representative) I had the pleasure of calling upon him the other week, I found him in excellent spirits.

You know, of course, that by a strange freak, as it were, the author of "*Degeneration*" has actually pitched his tent in Paris among the very people that he would be certain to reckon as degenerate, for his eagle eye would be sure to detect the mark of the beast in more than one of his clever neighbours—Dettaille, the military painter; Madame Adam, to whom the Franco-Russian Alliance owes so much; Sarah Bernhardt, and "Gyp," herself the most mordant satirist of "the Chosen People."

No Parisian is a prophet to his concierge, but it is easy to see that the Cerberus who guards the handsome house where is to be found Dr. Nordau's modest flat entertains none but kindly feelings towards her illustrious tenant. The most casual visitor finds himself kindly welcomed, even in the absence of the Doctor, by Frau Sudfeld, the philosopher's mother, for Dr. Nordau adopted the name he has made so famous, with the full assent of his father, the well-known German Hebraist, Herr Sudfeld.

To the French medical world Dr. Nordau is a brain specialist first and a writer afterwards; and the journalists to whom he is kind enough to accord an interview generally find themselves shown into a *salon* containing would-be patients belonging to every class and condition. It is easy to see that the airy little corner chamber, which is at once a consulting-room and a study, is, in the best sense of the word, your host's work-room. The huge writing-table blocking up one of the large windows is covered with books and papers. Dr. Nordau does not follow the usual medical consultant's trick of making his patient or visitor sit in the full light while he remains in shadow. On the contrary, the Paris sun streaming in lights up the powerful, sturdy-looking figure of the militant doctor, and he answers every question put to him with a frankness and freshness astonishing to hear in one who has achieved, and who is achieving, so much in the fields of thought, literature, and practical sanitation. Books line the room, and some idea of Max Nordau's extraordinary literary labours can be gauged from the fact that the large book-case to the right of the writing-table is entirely filled with copies of his own books, printed in many languages, and having appeared in countless editions, from the shoddy work turned out by the American pirate to the admirably produced English translation of "*A Comedy of Sentiment*."

"Yes," he exclaimed, in answer to a question, "I do take a great deal of pleasure in my literary work, but I have always made it in every way subordinate to my profession. When do I write? Early in the morning, or at night, after the labours of the day are over. I have tried to arrange my life so as to get the greatest amount out of it; and I may confess to you that I dearly love my pen. I began writing when I was fourteen, while I was still a school-boy; indeed, I even then drew a small salary from a newspaper, and while I was a medical student I increased my very slender income by becoming Parliamentary reporter to the *Pesther Lloyd*. You would like to see a page of my manuscript? Certainly. Here is the original copy of '*Conventional Lies*.'"

And then Dr. Nordau produced a dainty manuscript volume, which must surely rank among the most unique examples of penmanship in contemporary literary production, for the written volume is far smaller than its printed counterpart—and this, perhaps owing in some measure to the Doctor's exceptional eyesight, remains true of all his works—"Paradoxes," consisting only of sixty-five written pages of manuscript, which produced four hundred and fourteen pages of print. Indeed, an ordinary printer must almost need a magnifying-glass when taking off the redoubtable moralist's manuscript.

"Have you never had a breakdown from overwork?" I asked.

"Overwork! overwork! overwork!" exclaimed the Doctor contemptuously. "Everything depends on how you organise your work. Herbert Spencer once said that everything involves diminution of life; therefore every vice, as its equation, is a diminution of life. Drink (or pick-me-ups, which are just as bad), smoking, over-eating, are all injurious to the worker. I remember one famous old German medico who never waited to hear what ailed a would-be patient. Before the unhappy man or woman could get out a word, the Doctor shouted suddenly, 'You have been over-eating!' and he was rarely wrong."

"And is it possible that you would wish to deprive the worker of his pipe? It is strange to hear a German talk in such a fashion."

But this caused my host to utter a violent diatribe against tobacco. For a moment words almost failed him when attempting to express the abhorrence he felt for the weed.

"And how about that modern craze, cycling? Do you regard the exercise with approval or aversion?"

"I do not care to say very much about it," he answered gravely, "for I am watching the effects made by the wheel on the human frame. Cycling is probably uninjurious to those whose hearts are sound."

"To return to your literary work—I am curious to learn your views on novel-writing. Should a story be always written for a purpose?"

"Certainly not. The true novelist enjoys the labour of composing fiction without any thought of a moral, and certainly without any fixed purpose; but it is evident that the writer's rule of life, and still more, his dogmatic opinions, cannot but show, even unconsciously, in his literary work, whatever be the form that work takes. A man's opinions are, in a sense, the backbone of the characters he creates; but I am to this extent a realist, that I believe real characters, and, as much as possible, real life, should be sketched; of course, unconsciously. I know that there are many who would tell you that they are well acquainted with the originals of the people who are to be found in my novels. This is simply because I have always been a keen observer of what is going on around me, and I have unconsciously reproduced traits and mental peculiarities of those with whom chance threw me in contact."

"I believe you are, even now, hard at work on a new story?"

"Yes," he returned thoughtfully. "I intend to call the book '*The Battle of the Drones*,' and I fancy it will be more or less an exposure of that world of finance which has become one of the curses of modern life, especially in modern Paris. In it I am giving a picture of what may be called German society in Paris, for you know there is a strong Teutonic element in the financial world, and it has interested me much to note how those composing it become modified and, in a sense, transmogrified, by a long residence in the French capital. But I have a great many other stories in my mind which I hope to find time to write out some day. I am certainly a man of notes, and whenever an idea occurs to me which I might work up into a novel, or even into the chapter of a novel, I jot it down. The scenario of more than one of my novels has been contained in a few lines written on a piece of note-paper. I became a writer of fiction comparatively late; indeed, '*The Malady of the Century*' was not published till 1887. As to how I work, I can go on for many hours once I have what I wish to write clearly set forth in my own mind. I think I may say that I see before me every word of whatever story I am engaged in writing."

"And your plays, Dr. Nordau?"

With a smile, my host handed me "*The Right to Love*," a comedy produced in Berlin and dedicated to Madame de Novikoff, with whom this broad-minded Israelite, for he has a keen racial feeling, is very intimate.

"As with my novels, so with my plays," he added after a pause; "I know all that I am about to write from the first word to the last, but I admit that I find it exceedingly difficult to concentrate my mind."

"Is it true that you are indifferent to the world's opinion of your work?"

"If the hard words of my critics had broken my bones, I should have been dead long ago," answered my kindly host, with a good-natured laugh; "but I do not trouble my head about what people say. I am intensely interested in my professional work, and take great delight in my literary labours, which are my relaxation. These two facts make me independent of what people think or say about your humble servant."

"And is the world growing more wicked, or is the Millennium at hand?"

He grew suddenly serious: "Criminality is increasing everywhere excepting in Great Britain, where it is actually diminishing, owing to the efforts made by private organisations—the Blue Ribbon Army, and kindred societies, among whom must be mentioned the Salvation Army."

After a chat with him, one leaves Nordau with the impression that he is very much alive in a variety of topics.

MR. JUSTICE DAY.

In point of age, Sir John Charles Day has but two seniors among the Puisne Judges, but in vigour he seems among the youngest. Possibly his lively sense of humour has kept him young: it is to be regretted that it so often tempts him to attempt witticisms imperfectly thought out. When at the Bar he had a reputation as a wit, but as a judge can hardly be deemed more than jocular, and nothing is recorded of him like the *bon-mots* of Bowen and Matthew. His lordship is unpopular with two classes—the criminal class and the company promoter; indeed, it may be hinted that in his eyes they appear to be but one. His sentences do not err on the side of mercy, while the word company-monger is to him as money-lender was to Vice-Chancellor Malins, one of the most esteemed judges of our times. Sir John was educated at Freiburg, and subsequently went to Downshire College, Bath, and graduated at the London University. Incidentally, I may mention that of the twenty Puisne Judges, six are of Oxford, five of Cambridge, three of London, one of Glasgow, one of Dublin, and four owe allegiance to no university. Sir Charles was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple. In 1879 he took silk, and was raised to the Bench in 1882. Perhaps the most important judicial work he has done was on the famous Parnell Commission, for which he had the qualification of being a Catholic. His silence during that tremendous, dramatic trial proved golden so far as earning favourable opinions is concerned. His lordship has a severe countenance, which belies a temper amiable at the bottom, yet at times affected by a surface irritability, particularly with any luckless advocate compelled to put forward a shabby plea. He is, I believe, the last of the judges who goes circuit on horseback, and none of his brethren show such anxiety as he for the comfort of untried prisoners. Regarded as a lawyer, his fame rests upon his work on the Common Law Procedure Acts, a dry subject handled with no little ability; naturally, he is deemed an authority in matters connected with ante-judicature proceedings, and is not one of those who view with great favour the irruption into the Law Courts of the equitable defences which have come from the attempted fusion. Sir John is not a mellifluous orator, though, unlike many of his brethren, he is at least audible.

"LORD TOM NODDY," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



Phoebe (Miss Mabel Love) while nursing Lord Tom Noddy (Little Tich) fell in love with him. Some years later they meet at Colonel Ben Nevis's.



His lordship had gone there to seek and woo the Colonel's sister, and meets a vulgar Jew (Mr. Barry), who extends the hand of friendship.



Magnum (Mr. Cecil Frere) is his lordship's valet.



And Colonel Ben Nevis (Mr. Picton Roxborough) is his host.



Phoebe cheers up poor little Tom.



His lordship is courted by the amazonic Miss Ben Nevis (Miss Ffolliott).



The Jew catches his lordship reading of a missing heiress.



His lordship tells his love story into a phonophone.



Phoebe is wooed by her patient the Colonel



But is surprised by Miss Primrose (Miss Kate James).



The Colonel and the Jew restore Miss Primrose from a faint.



The Ben Nevises shelter Lord Tom.



Miss Ben Nevis looks for Lord Tom in the coal-box.



The Jew has a little talk with Miss Primrose.



Lord Tom and Phæbe.



Phæbe makes love to the solicitor (Mr. Sidney Harcourt).



"Ah! the matinée hat, it wobbles like that, till the folks behind wish to the Lord it was flat."



"They can hear splendidly, but all they can see is the milliner's shop on the matinée hat."

MISS PRIMROSE DONS THE MONSTROUS MATINÉE HAT.



Phæbe trips it.
"Much better laugh; it were wiser by far."



Marion (Miss Arundale) and her dolls.
"Darling 'ickle sweetheart, I'se come back."

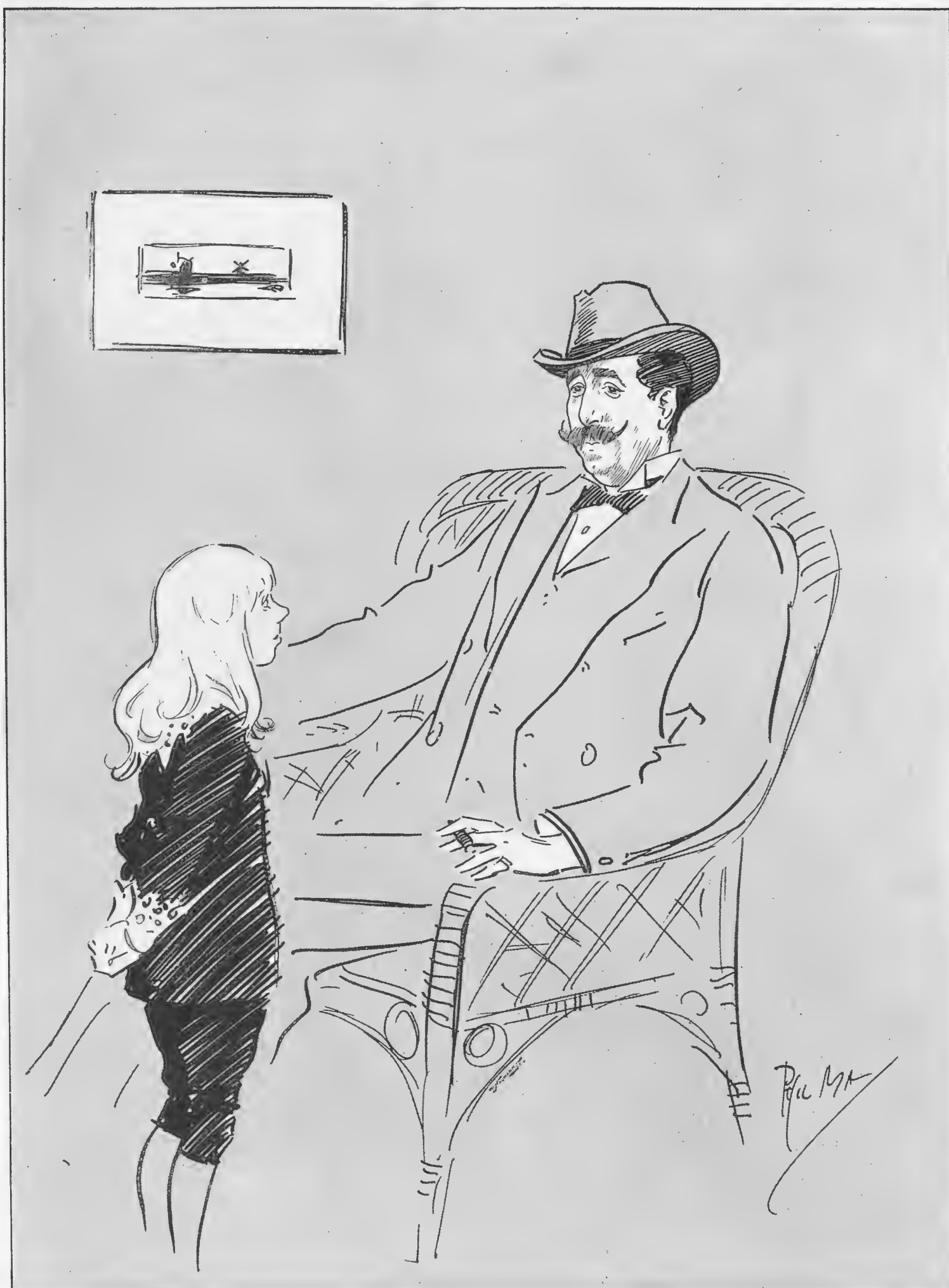


A dainty dance.



Running up the scale.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



FOND FATHER : If poor papa were to die, you 'd have no papa.

LITTLE AMERICAN : You bet I would ! Mamma would mighty soon get me another.



A TRYING MOMENT.

WIFE (*filling up Census paper*): John, dear, do you remember what age I said I was last Census?



OLD MAN : Yes ; there 's bin a lot o' changes. Old Squire Muggins is dead.

SOLDIER : Dear me ! What complaint ?

OLD MAN : No complaint ; everybody was perfectly satisfied.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE COIFFEUR.

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

Among the crowd at the Hotel Continental, Paris, just as the arrivals by the English train were expected, a young man, with a pale, anxious face, stood waiting at the door of one of the numerous lifts.

He was merely the coiffeur, who had come to dress the hair of a beautiful English girl, as he had often done during the Parisian season for the past six years.

He was tall and slim, with long, nervous fingers—a painter's hands, with the slight backward twist of the thumb. He had begun life in a Breton village, as an only son, but his intelligent face lacked the strength of a Breton, and he was too slightly built to show his origin.

His taste for painting attracted the notice of Monsieur le Curé, who persuaded his father and mother that, having no daughter for whom to set aside a "dot," they might well afford to send their son to Paris to study.

In Paris, and the Latin Quarter, among real and false Bohemians, he alternated between the hot studio and art-galleries until his work changed, and its originality gave place to a monotonous study of form and colour. He grew less timid as he saw his drawings resemble those around him, and after a few months he knew one or two men at the café where he dined. They included a rich Englishman, who posed as a painter, and a poor Scotchman who thought himself worth nothing, and was famous after for two happy years in London, until his wearisome cough put an end to his modesty and his fame. There were many others, who taught the young Breton what Paris is at night; and in a year's time there was a little club, which met once a-week to sing of Beranger and drink to their own favourite Lisette. The Breton father and mother died within a few months of each other, and when he returned to the village to see the latter laid in her grave, the Curé had forgotten his painting and advised him to be content with his small inheritance and seek work of a new kind in Paris. He smiled bitterly, and faced his difficulties for a year longer, till art would have nothing to do with starvation, and he married his Lisette. He learnt, after a time, to take part in the work of her father's shop. Lisette was no longer his ideal; she grew stout and fretful, a negligent mother, but an excellent woman of business. Then her father died, and left the whole of his property to herself and her children.

He thought of her scarlet dress and red face as he waited in the corridor of the big hotel, and there was a sudden flush on his face as the door was flung open and he entered the lift, as if the scarlet remembrance had come into comparison with something else.

The mother of the English girl was waiting in the corridor above. She met him hurriedly, and in a hard voice, in which the concealed pain found later a second's expression, said quickly—

"You are very late."

"Madame, I was out when your messenger came, but I——"

She interrupted. "You know she is ill. You are not to look surprised, and you are to cut her hair short, and then curl it. We expect someone by the English boat. Do you know if the train is late?"

He was flushed and stammered a little.

"It—yes, it is late; they were saying so, Madame, downstairs."

"Well, she is growing excited and feverish." Her voice changed and her lips shook. "Come quickly."

The coiffeur followed her down a long passage, and as she opened the door his eyes met those of the young girl. Her hair was spread over the white pillows, and, amid the silk and lace of a white wrap she wore, two little thin hands beat the bed-clothes impatiently.

"You are late," she cried, and then stopped. Perhaps there was something startling in his eyes, after all.

She turned her face away, and added, with a little sob in her voice, "Come and cut my hair short at once. I get so hot at night, and it worries me. And then curl it nicely, very nicely," she continued breathlessly.

They propped her up somehow among the mass of white linen and lace. The bed was strewn with books, which she kicked away with one foot.

He saw her aunt and the *garde-malade* give way for him to pass; her mother stooped to whisper something, and the girl cried aloud, "Oh! is the train late, really late? I am so glad!"

The coiffeur drew nearer, and took the soft brown hair in his hand. She lay very still, the better to aid him, and once glanced up to assure herself that he did not look startled then. He smiled down at her.

"You always wanted your hair to be short," he said.

"Yes, even three years ago."

"Six," he corrected.

"Oh, not so many; is it, mamma?"

"I don't remember, darling." The mother moved further away, as if the sight of the soft hair lying in the coiffeur's hand was unbearable.

The girl glanced after her, and then said, with an uneasy expression in her beautiful eyes, "It suits me, doesn't it?"

"It is very nice," the coiffeur answered briefly.

"I want to be a little pretty, as I used to be," she said. (An obvious apology for asking the former question.) "And, you see, Mr. Haddon is coming this evening. You know, I was engaged to him last year."

"I had not the honour of seeing you last year, Mademoiselle."

"Ah, no; I remember we only stayed a week in Paris on our way back from Monte Carlo, and I shopped all the time, while Mr. Haddon looked up old friends. He seems to know half Paris."

There was regret in her voice, and she was silent for a long time.

The coiffeur spoke next.

"It is cut, Mademoiselle, and it curls already as it used to do——"

She grew excited again. "Ah, but not enough—not enough! Make it quite curly, and don't be too long. Mamma, you might ask——"

Her mother looked at the coiffeur, and wondered if the wood-fire was making the room too warm. His face, turned towards her for a second, as he arranged his tongs on the spirit-lamp, was so curiously white. The fact only interested her so far that her daughter ought not to have the atmosphere overheated, and she left the door a little open when she moved silently from the room.

Then, as the coiffeur asked the girl to turn her head, and she laid her little white hand on his arm, the better to move, he felt as if her fingers went through his coat-sleeve and scorched his flesh.

"You will overtire yourself," he said gently.

She answered fiercely, as if she feared her aunt, busy over some work in a distant corner, or the watchful *religieuse*, might overhear.

"I am *not* tired. I want it done properly, please."

The shaded lamps and the closely perfumed air, with the long silence that followed, seemed like some ghastly dream. She started once, and declared she heard some new arrival come along the corridor, and was quickly soothed by the pale nun.

A moment later her mother entered, shook her head in response to the pleading eyes raised to hers; but, as she passed him, she touched the coiffeur's arm. The action was unseen; he understood, and finished quickly. He stood apart and let the others bring her a glass, watching her pleased face and the last of her childish vanity, as she shook the curls with a soft little laugh, and then lay back on the pillows.

As he moved again, to take and wrap his tongs in paper, she suddenly spoke to him softly.

"Hush! they can't hear," she said, for the rest were quietly putting the room in order, "and I want you to promise something. Will you come, after I am dead, before they let Him see me, and make me look pretty again?"

So she, for whom they acted this comedy, saw through it all!

"I—I can't," he said.

Then he caught the despair in her eyes, and he compressed his lips and bowed his head silently.

"I shall tell mamma to send for you. Thank you for making me look pretty. Adieu, *alors*."

He stood upright and faced her, with all the old beauty and the brilliant unrest of the past painter in his face, and he answered bravely—"Mademoiselle, it is 'Au Revoir.'"

The courtyard of the Continental was crowded with omnibuses and cabs. A young Englishman stood amid the new arrivals, writing a telegram on a form balanced on his racing-book. He glanced round once, as a man, walking as if dazed, was hustled against his shoulder in passing. He caught sight of the white face, made more ghastly under the electric light.

He moved forward and tapped the man's arm.

"*Alors! c'est toi!*" he exclaimed.

"Haddon!"

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"I have given up painting."

"No use, I suppose?"

"None." The man seemed anxious to escape.

"Just wait till I finish this wire." The Englishman laughed as he wrote. "You know Zélie, the *demi-mondaine*? met her at Monte Carlo last year, and we became great friends."

"I know her," said the coiffeur, and waited to explain under what conditions. As he waited, the Latin Quarter and Lisette came into his mind. He wondered how often Haddon had changed his Lisette; and the man's name, and where he had last heard it (heard it without noting anything but a woman's face), struck him suddenly.

"Mr. Haddon," he said, "forgive me, but are you not keeping your fiancée waiting while you wire to Zélie?" There was defiance in his tone, and in the voice which answered him.

"It's not your business, and how the devil do you know?"

"I have just seen her. I am a coiffeur, Monsieur, that is all."

The other laughed, and with a curt "See you again later," turned on his heel and walked towards the telegraph office.

The pale man knew that he was despised, as he himself hated and despised, and the open air and bright street made him shiver as if a great danger had been close to him and had passed.

The hotel was covered with red cloth, and gay with flags and evergreens for a public ball, when the coiffeur entered it two nights later. He showed nothing in his face, neither horror at his ghastly mission nor grief at the late news. He noted things strangely. "A ball going on! And she loved dancing! Perhaps the sound of the music might reach her room and wake her!"

Two nuns rose as he entered, and told him that the poor mother was ill with grief, and had gone to rest. He heard the wild sobs set to a dance-tune as he leant over the small bed. The nuns drew away and whispered near the fireplace, which looked bare and was empty.

The man pushed the white roses from the still, white face, and began his work. It was ended, and his deft fingers were rearranging the flowers, when Haddon came.

His lips touched the small face, moved to her lips, and rested there a moment.

Outside, the calm night, and the wonderful river so easily reached. How easy also to drift with its shadows out to the open sea, and forget! He turned abruptly, and the city noises, the passing carriages, and the many lights meant another world.

He returned to the other world, and went home.



MISS KATE JAMES, NOW APPEARING IN "LORD TOM NODDY," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

The two men faced each other in silence, but their eyes glared as if they were mad, and the *religieuses* came forward, startled by such a situation at such a time. The elder took some letters from a side-table and gave them to the Englishman. He started, glanced down at the pink, perfumed note which lay uppermost, and flushed to its colouring. He met the other man's eyes again, and then hastily left the room.

In the long pause that followed the coiffeur bent low over the flowers. Dance-music below, frantic cries unchecked in the next room, and the nuns already opening the wardrobe to look at the pretty clothes the dead girl had worn. They could not see him, he reflected, and bent low.

MISS KATE JAMES AS POLLY PRIMROSE.

Miss Kate James has a part peculiarly suited to her method as the upstart Miss Polly Primrose in "Lord Tom Noddy," at the Garrick. It seems quite a long time since one saw Miss James on the theatre stage. The music-halls have held her in their keeping so long that the younger generation, at any rate, may forget that the lady was once a bright particular star at the Savoy, the Lane, and the Gaiety. She has a keen sense of humour as conceived in such a part as she is now playing, and her song, "The Matinée Hat," is delivered with great gusto.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Truly we are a nation of sportsmen—or should it be sporting onlookers? The progress of football has been marked by an extraordinary increase in the crowds attending the matches. This fact has given rise to much regret on the part of the advocates of amateurism, who maintain that, with so many people watching football and cricket, the number of players must necessarily grow less. The hypothesis is ingenious, but scarcely correct.

Of course, it is the League matches and the Northern Rugby Union matches which draw the crowds. I often think it was a wise move on the part of the Football Association to ordain that no limited liability company club should be allowed to pay a dividend of more than 5 per cent. As a matter of fact, there are not more than one or two clubs which could afford to. The average gate in the two Leagues would not exceed seven thousand, and when you come to remember the tremendous expenses, and the increase in salaries, you will see that a club has to command consistently good gates to be able to keep alive.

And a club, to keep alive, must show football of a good class. Everton draw tremendous throngs weekly; but that is simply because they are always doing well, though they have only won the League Championship once and have never secured the Association Cup. So you see that a club taking very large sums at the gates cannot therefore be certain of getting the best players in the country. The fact of the matter is that the good players, the men of great reputation and experience, prefer to stick to their present clubs, partly because it is made so difficult for them to leave.

Now, I don't suppose that the Bolton Wanderers pay their players anything like so much as is paid by some other clubs, and yet we find the Wanderers making a rare splash to start with this season, and taking a big lead. I should say that much of the Bolton Wanderers' success is due to the fact that the players have been unchanged match after match. That is a certain method for procuring combination. And it scarcely needs the telling that combination is the secret of success so far as football is concerned.

I cannot remember the Second Division of the Football League promising such good sport as in this year. The absence of Liverpool and Bury, who, for the first time in their careers, find themselves together in the First League, leaves the Second Division without an "Eclipse." At present those promising to do best are Newton Heath, Notts County, Grimsby Town, and Manchester City. Notts have not shown such good form since they were relegated.

A competition which is attracting more than ordinary interest this year is the United League, a new-comer. There are only eight clubs engaged, but what is lacking in quantity is amply compensated for with quality, as the results go to show. At present, Millwall Athletic lead the way here, but their lead, although good, is by no means convincing, and there is ample time for Woolwich Arsenal, or Kettering, or Loughborough, or Luton, or Tottenham Hotspur, to forge to the front.

The Southern League, now purely a professional affair, is certainly more successful than it ever was before. This is chiefly because Millwall Athletic are not to have a runaway victory. As a matter of fact, it is by no means certain that they are to have a victory at all, for Southampton St. Mary's and others are showing splendid form. St. Mary's is the strongest club on the South Coast, and as they get very good gates they have been enabled to secure a really good-class team.

The Corinthians opened the season on Saturday with a match against St. Bernard's, and next week they will give the Army their annual game. I suppose it will not be readily forgotten how the Army were crushed without mercy last year by something like 11 to 1. The prospects of the military are no less dark than they were then, and I am afraid they are in for a bad beating. Only once have I seen the Army acquit themselves creditably against the Corinthians, and that was at the Oval, when, after scoring the two first goals, they lost by 4 to 3.

The levelling-up process, which is at work in Association circles, extends also to Rugby. Blackheath are to have things by no means their own way this year. Their opening defeat at the hands of the Bristol fifteen looked a fluke at the time, but Blackheath have done not much better in the succeeding matches. On the other hand, Richmond are going great guns, and the London Scottish, now captained by Willie Neilson, look to be stronger than they were last year. The Harlequins, too, are playing up nicely.

ATHLETICS.

One of the best-known London sprinters is Mr. W. F. Thomas, whose portrait is herewith given. While a boy at the Lower Dulwich College he distinguished himself in this sport, notably on one occasion at Malling, Sevenoaks, when he won four events out of five one afternoon. Later he carried off two open events in one week at Paddington, and in June of this year

he secured the first prize in the 100 yards sprint at the Hare and Hounds, Lea Bridge Road, in a race open to printers, this being the prize which you see before him in the photograph. Mr. Thomas carried off the Ingram Challenge Cup in September in the sports of the employés of the *Illustrated London News*. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weighs 10 st. 6 lb.

GOLF.

I was down at the professional tournament played over the beautiful links at Romford the other day, and was greatly struck by the masterful play of Braid, the local professional, who won the first prize from such cracks as Vardon, the champion; Taylor, the ex-champion; Herd, of Huddersfield; and other well-known crack golfers.

In his general style of play, Braid reminds me very much of his cousin Douglas Rolland, whom he also resembles in personal appearance. I think I am right in saying that Braid habitually makes the longest drive of any professional, and his approach strokes are particularly deadly. He only requires to improve a little on the putting-green to become our very best professional golfer. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There will be a great race for the Cambridgeshire, and the old hands say it is the biggest speculative medium in connection with the Turf for a decade. The Frenchmen are confident, and have planked down their money accordingly. The book makes Omnium II. out to be a good animal, if we except his slovenly running at Ascot, when he swerved all over the course. Laodamia is at her best just now, and I think whatever beats her will win. From information received, I shall rely on Thais to gain the prize, and should the Prince's horse be successful there would be high jinks at Newmarket, as his Royal Highness is very popular with the inhabitants of the metropolis of the Turf. If the filly is, as reported, within a few pounds of Persimmon, she has a big chance.

The great handicapping question is agitating the minds of our Turf senators just now, and it is to be hoped some reform will be instituted to put the matter of weight-adjusting on a sound basis once for all. I would suggest the doing away with all over-weight handicaps, as these events cause endless trouble to owners and handicappers alike. Further, it is not equitable for owners to be put to the expense of sending horses, say, a hundred miles, to a meeting only to find the following morning that the horses are handicapped right out of the races they have been entered for. I think, too, that a limit should be put upon the number of handicaps to be framed by any one man.

Although necessarily overborne by equine giants like St. Frusquin and Goletta, when the season's record comes to be summed up it will be found that, towards the gigantic total of winnings secured by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the produce of Merrie Lassie has contributed in no small degree. Consequent upon the success that attended Grig's efforts in the blue-and-yellow, Mr. Rothschild secured the remaining produce of her useful dam, and his foresight has been rewarded. The ill-starred Jest put together a sequence of five wins, which resulted in the netting of £1985 in stakes, before she succumbed at Brighton, and Grig herself, up till the present time, has secured three races of the total value of £1607, which, together with her successes during last season and 1894, bring up her full winnings to £3593. These sums seem paltry placed by the side of St. Frusquin's winnings, but it must be remembered that handicaps such as Grig takes part in are never endowed as are the "classic" and other big weight-for-age events that were competed for by her more illustrious stable-companion; and further, the little mare originally figured in selling-plates.

Mr. Albert F. Calvert has only been an owner of racehorses in England just over twelve months. As all the world knows, he made and still makes his money in Westralia, and on the first horse he raced over here he bestowed the lucky name. He did not have him long before Westralian secured a two-year-old race, the bets amounting to much more than the stakes. It was probably this early success that induced him to launch out in the purchase of thoroughbred stock, and he made by no means bad bargains when he secured such horses as Lantwit and Prince of Poets, though, of course, his great deal was Chit-Chat, who would have been the means of taking a very large sum out of the ring had he been first instead of second in the Cesarewitch.

Of course, the great event of the whole season was the defeat of Velasquez. I was given to understand, when this horse was a yearling at Epsom, that he was something out of the common, but was astounded at the great powers which the extraordinary trial with Chelandry made him out to possess. I have watched his career with interest, and was sorry to see him pulled out under such wretched conditions, for I knew one of his few faults was that he had small feet. However, I was surprised to see Galtee More win with such ridiculous ease, and it is that fact alone which makes me sceptical in accepting the result as a true one. When they meet under proper conditions and on good going, I should certainly stand Lord Rosebery's colt. Whether this opinion is well or ill founded can, of course, only be decided in the future, so speculation is useless.



W. F. THOMAS.

Photo by Bayfield, Upper Norwood.

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THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A NOTE FROM THE FATHER OF "KEYNOTES."*

"Here and There Memories" reminds you of that Crimean Christmas plum-pudding in which nothing was missing (the plums least of all) with the single exception of the pudding-cloth. It is the most incoherent book of reminiscences we have ever read, and the most amusing, in which it differs from "Keynotes," for "H. R. N." is no less than Captain Dunne, the father of the author of "Keynotes." The publishers, who made of late a complaint similar to that Goldsmith expressed so whimsically about the wholesale appropriation of his essays, "That in bringing out an edition of them in his own name and for his own profit, he felt like the fat man of that shipwrecked crew, who, when it was proposed to cut slices off him in their extremity, contended—not without justice—that he ought to have the first steak himself"—these publishers, who have a similar grievance against reviewers, might defy their rapacity, "like wealthy men who care not how they give," if the volumes to be sampled were as inexhaustible as "Here and There Memories." "H. R. N.'s" reminiscences, in fact, not only extend over many years and many countries, but recall some of the most interesting events and persons of these times and places. He remembers O'Connell (and O'Connell, according to a grotesque story he tells, had good reason to remember him), and recalls an incident suggestive of the ferocity of the Liberator's political enemies in connection with his fatal duel with D'Esterre. Of the ferocity of duelling itself in those days, here is a single sample out of many recorded. After a Grand Jury dinner, one of the magistrates having got it into his drunken head that a brother Justice had insulted him, sent a friend to arrange a meeting. The unoffending magistrate having accepted the challenge through fear of being branded as a coward, was badly wounded, and sent for his antagonist as he lay on the ground to assure him he had no intention or recollection of insulting him. The challenger "took the wounded gentleman's hand, rubbed his own eyes, and with many curses and a sweet frankness declared his regret at having put a bullet into the wrong man, 'for the fellow I meant had but one eye.'" It might be supposed that even the thirst of blood of the Moloch worshipped as honour was now satisfied. Not at all. The wounded man's second challenged the second of the aggressor for the mistake made, and both were carried wounded from the field. "Bedad, sir," said the chuckling surgeon, "it was beautiful! There was three of them all at once in bed at Mara's Hotel, and all about nothing but that Tom Ll— had mixed his drink, and thought someone had insulted him." Let us set against this waste of pluck and blood a story of Irish courage put to better use. Colonel Bernard, when his county was saturated with Ribbonism, learned that a midnight meeting was to be held in a lonely house on a desolate moor to fix upon the mode and date of his own assassination. He went alone to the rendezvous, imperiously demanded admission, as though he had a posse of police at his heels, and the conspirators, under that impression, admitted him—

Bernard stepped in. There was a table and a group of men; the local schoolmaster was one. Bernard, pistol in hand, eyed them quietly. Then he said, "So you are here to set me? Dunne"—that is, the schoolmaster—"Dunne, sit down and write as I bid you." Then he dictated a short confession, made the writer append a list of names of all present, and affix his signature above that of a "strong farmer" who could write well. When the paper was finished, he put it away, saying, "Well, you know I keep my word. No one will see this paper if the county keeps quiet, but on the first outrage I shall give this up and transport you all." He thrust the paper and pistol in his pocket, opened the door, stepped out, closed it, and gave the word to the imaginary commander of an imaginary force, "March off your men, sir, when I reach the road, and not a word of to-night."

The outrages stopped. Nor is the author silent as to the oppression and misery of which such outrages were the inevitable outcome. He gives but a page to the Great Famine, but it is enough.

I have counted by the wayside nine corpses within seven miles, and six of them lay as they fell on their way to this workhouse in a "flourishing town."...

At the "Common of Strahard" a man lay dying of actual want. He was called "Raw Haslitt" because he had eaten in his strait the quivering offal of a shambles without an attempt to cook it. A woman named Connor dragged herself with some Indian-meal porridge to keep the life in him. The effort was too much for her. Bridget Connor died on the threshold, a skeleton on an angelic mission. The morsel she would share was proved to be the only thing she had had for four days.

It must not for a moment be supposed that these memories are entirely or chiefly of this grim and gruesome kind. On the contrary, the book is brimming over with amusing stories, sallies, and scenes. Perhaps the wittiest thing in it is the retort of the famous Belfast solicitor, Ray, to the magistrate who pooh-poohed his irrelevances. "'Your words go in at one ear and out at the other, Mr. Ray.' 'Doubtless your Worship's right; there's nothing to interrupt the passage.'" The most Lever-like story is the account "H. R. N." himself heard a pedlar in a Longford shebeen give of the crisis of Waterloo—

He wound up with, "Well, yez see, they were fightin' and shootin' like fury through the livelong day, and chargin' here and stravagin' there, and divil a perch of advantage Boney's men or the Juke's could take from one another. All at onst an ould General slipped a-one side and gave an ordher on the sly. Soon after there was a charge in front. The inimy turned. Wellington put his spy-glass to his eye, and says to his aid-junk, 'What's thim?' For the love of Heaven, what's thim?' 'Thim! Thim's the Longford Militia.' 'The what?' 'The Longford Militia, y'r Grace.' 'Thim, God help the Frinch! it's all over. Poor Boney!' And wid that he puts his hand on the top of his spy-glass and shut it up wid a clatter, and rode home to dinner."

Surely "H. R. N." must have been reading Rabelais when he assures us that an Irish magistrate decided all cases on a principle precisely analogous to that acted on by the immortal Judge Bridle-goose. This Irish magistrate, whom the author knew well, invariably and on principle decided the cases, whatever their merits, alternately for and against the prisoners, till he got to the end of the charge-sheet!

"H. R. N." is an old, not very old, man who has been many things and in many strange places. Commencing active life in the army, during the stirring days of the Crimean War, he in time drifted about, and for years, in foreign parts, helping, among other varied employments, to make the first Victorian railways in Australia, drilling volunteers there, and fighting through the campaigns of 1863-65 against the Maoris. Then, after other stirring scenes in South America, whilst the Spaniards made war on their lost colonies Peru and Chili, he got home to Ireland and struck into politics, and did much, with the late George Henry Moore, Butt, King-Harman, Michell Henry, and their like, to set on its feet the early and semi-Conservative Home Rule movement.

When, under Parnell, the Land League agitation attached the Home Rule organisation to itself, Captain Dunne slackened his political activity, and was for some time a Governor in the prison service. Finally, he settled in London, and was for years a successful contributor to magazine and journalistic literature. By the way, his earliest efforts in letters were in the pages of the Melbourne papers, and the *Melbourne Punch* of "the sixties" and before enfold many things from his pen and pencil, for he was and is an able draughtsman and caricaturist; indeed, he once had the idea of devoting himself entirely to art, and for a time exhibited at oil- and at water-colour shows; but perhaps he showed most talent in the little figures in clay which find more favour in France and in Scandinavia than with us. He has enjoyed life and exhausted opportunities in most countries, has ridden to hounds; and "between the flags" at home and abroad on both sides of the equator, has shot big game and winged game everywhere and with great success; but he is best known to latter-day sportsmen and sportsmen readers as "Hi-Regan," an adept in angling and a diffuse and facile writer about it. The results of an accident in Norway have of late disabled him from the full enjoyment of sports which require activity, or pastimes such as racquets or court-tennis, in which he was among the best. But to this accident we are debtors for so bright a book as "Here and There Memories," and, may we hope, will be for some others as good. Like most gifted *raconteurs*, "H. R. N." tells his stories even better than he writes them. He has known competency and poverty, and enjoyed both.



CAPTAIN DUNNE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

* "Here and There Memories." By "H. R. N." London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

COUNTRY AND TOWN.

Thursday's Sandown was more a tailor-made occasion than otherwise, although some reckless women ventured down to Esber in all the efflorescence of velvet and sable. Personally—and, as I also venture to think, properly—the severer style recommends itself as being more suitable and smart to an autumn or winter meet. One finds, as a rule, that the best people, advisedly so called, affect a certain mufti on such reunions, as distinguishing them from the overdressed efforts of the newly rich. A satin and brocade race-meeting must seem somewhat of an anomaly to the woman with a social stake in county as well as town, and the remark of a certain *grande dame*, when surveying the exquisitely dressed daughter of a prosperous tradesman at a certain great garden-party last Season, "She has few opportunities for such toilettes, you know," would appropriately apply to a gorgeously equipped section of onlookers at many of these festive sporting gatherings. Mrs. Langtry's dark-blue Newmarket, with white-braided fronts, was a triumph of tailoring, and her hat, an erection of white feathers and ospreys, may at the least be written down dazzling. Lily Duchess of Marlborough was not in evidence as usual; but Lord William Beresford and his brother, Lord Marcus, were well to the front. A curious gown which I had admired at the opening of Niagara was again on the lawn on Friday, the skirt of purple velvet, with a complete short jacket of chinchilla showing purple velvet revers to match the skirt. Numbers of the new, long-skirted, loose-backed, tailor-made coats were successfully worn. Perhaps it is only that one welcomes change of any kind, but I really think this last version of tweed and cloth very seductive. A jacket of black and white astrakhan fresh from Paris was quite the smartest thing present, and worth some details, which I am enabled to set down verbatim, as the owner thereof is an obliging friend. The jacket itself, of black astrakhan, opens in front, large square lapels, lined with white astrakhan, which are inlaid with crescent-shaped patterns of the black fur, being a principal feature. Crystal beads and silver sequins, edged with narrow Valenciennes, surround these crescents in a dainty embroidery. Beneath the jacket is a waistcoat of black astrakhan, trimmed like the lapels. Wide sleeves, tapering from elbow to wrist, have deep, pointed cuffs of white astrakhan similarly inlaid and embroidered. An upright collar of the black fur is turned back with points of white, all being lined with pale-yellow brocade. A dainty toque of white embroidered velvet, trimmed with violets, Venetian point, and dark sable, was worn with the coat, which, while immensely *chic*, had been proportionately ruinous. Black and white is, in fact, at the moment in great vogue with smart Parisians for indoor and outdoor wear, and an evening-gown of cream mirror velvet, with jet spots in groups of three placed at irregular intervals over the skirt, has been sent

over as the *dernier cri* to an acquaintance whose clothes always hail from that head-centre of all the chiffons. A folded waistband and neck-trimming of orange satin accord well with the creamy velvet, and the entire effect of these paillette spots, large at bottom of skirt and diminishing in size as they approach the waist, is very impressive.

Another smart evening-gown, but one that may appeal more to English taste, is made of pink miroir velvet. The bodice and sleeves are edged with narrow bands of dark sable above an embroidery of silver, pale green, and pink, all wrought on a background of moss-green velvet cut out in a charming Louis Quinze design. One more gown, also of the favourite velvet, in a new shade of drab called "beaver," is bordered with glossy brown skunk, and has a narrow waistband of turquoise velvet showing under the bolero. It makes quite the prettiest possible afternoon-dress.

Ascending in the millinery scale from boleros to bonnets, I think these accompanying sketches of up-to-date chapeaux will be admired by the discriminating young woman with an eye for successful effects. They are from the *salon* of that very clever milliner Madame Argentine, who is one of a limited group among hundreds of her trade from whom one can really rely on a hat or bonnet as being not alone smart, but becoming. So many milliners will persuade you into the last thing from Paris or their work-rooms, as the case may be, just because it is lovely to look at; and the long, the short, the fat, the slim are, regardless of externals, equally pressed into possession of something that, however seductive in the hand, is most unsuitable to the owner's head. We have

all suffered under these persuasive arts of the *vendeuse*, but Madame Argentine is, in her own way, an artist, and will frankly disclaim the merits of any millinery idol unless it agrees with and shows up your best points, from chin to eyebrow. This is one reason of her widely admitted success, and I think a very sufficient one. Meanwhile, the wide-brimmed original of this illustration is particularly suitable to young faces. Made in the new beaver-coloured velvet, with a broad band of silver, turquoise-studded galon, and a group of "natural" plumes perched up at one side; with shaded pink-and-green roses under



NEW MILLINERY AT MADAME ARGENTINE'S.

[Copyright.]

the brim, this hat has a daintiness all its own; recognisable, too, even in an illustration. A wide, black velvet toque, the brim made in loosely arranged box-pleats, greatly charmed my fancy, and is also reproduced here. The crown, of white satin embroidered with strass and jet paillettes, is girded round with a twist of orange velvet, the true tangerine shade. A mass of similarly coloured ostrich-tips, toning from deep orange to corn-colour, is tied with a velvet knot, and this hat is, in fact, altogether the ideal headgear of richly complexioned brunette beauty. A charming capote in purple velvet, with a high crown of the Strasbourg-pie order, comes next, lappets of ivory lace and an engaging group of green and purple tulips, together with some nestling violets, completing its catalogue of charms. Lastly, there is a bonnet of which every well-dressed British matron should have a copy. A deftly gathered

crown of black velvet, flanked by handsome ornaments of steel and plush, euphoniously surnamed "oysters," are supported by a tuft of black feathers and a twisted cock's-comb of green velvet. These, meanwhile, are only a few picked at random out of round numbers; for, to properly contemplate the charms of this engaging first-floor front at 55, Bond Street, one should inspect it.

From boudoir to kitchen is not a far cry, where the venerable and exclusive art of soup-making is now being revolutionised, no less to the joy of cooks than epicurean consumers thereof, and here one is now confronted with the latest and undoubtedly the best of all recent condensations and confections thereof. In addition to the Driessen foundation sauces, already acknowledged a boon and a blessing by every first-rate cook in the preparation of entrées, savouries, gravies, and so forth, this same firm has also introduced a series of preserved and condensed soups, of which there are no less than thirty-six varieties, of separate but equal excellence and flavour, as, for instance, the "Bonne Femme," "Riz," "Tapioca Crécy," "Pâte Melon," and other varieties, dear to our palates when abroad, but, alas! how unfamiliar at home, how misunderstood of the Anglo-Saxon cook! These "potages à la minute," as they are justly called, are to be had at the English agents, Cosenza's, of 95, Wigmore Street, in packets of six for the absurd sum of 1s. 4d. the box, while a consommé, strong, clear, delicious, that would not disgrace a departed Bignon, is obtained in solidified cylinders of ten, enclosed in one tin box, price 1s. 8d. Decidedly the fine art of cookery becomes less involved as such inventions are disclosed. May the day quickly follow that will bring "sole au vin blanc" and other good things, or even the common cutlet of too uncommon perfection, to evolve themselves at the precise "turn"; the coffee to be clear and strong enough, our cherished claret to arrive at its precisely correct temperature by some means as yet unguessed at in servants' hall understanding. And then, perhaps, beginning with Cosenza's consommé, to the last cigarette, we may find the world a more perfect place to dwell in, at least from eight p.m. onwards every evening.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

NELLA (South Kensington).—As you are in town, why not get the curtains from Gorrings, too? He has tasselled muslins quite pretty and new, if you want something uncommon. For the bedrooms you would find his reversible frilled cretonnes both cheap and charming; and, for the heavier kinds, his made-up plushette and lined tapestry deserve a similar encomium. SYBIL.

FASHIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN AT THE THEATRES.

If you want to appreciate the full charm of seventeenth century costumes, you have only to go to the Haymarket Theatre and see Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Eva Moore in the new play "Under the Red Robe." There are only three dresses for you to study, but each one is so lovely that it demands a special amount of attention.

In the second act, for instance, where, as Renée de Cocheforêt, Miss Emery first makes her appearance, she wears a gown of pale-yellow brocade, the tabbed bodice having a waistcoat of plain satin, across which strings of jewels are festooned, while a collar and cuffs of old lace are important items. One exquisite touch of contrasting colour is supplied by a great red rose, fastened carelessly at the waist.

This old-world attire suits Miss Emery well, but she is at her loveliest when she dons, with the same dress, a charming little cape of soft grey cloth, bordered with fine gold lace, through which some black baby-ribbon velvet is threaded, while her picturesque grey hat has a band of jewelled lace encircling the high crown, and clusters of softly shaded grey feathers drooping over the brim.

Finally she wears a brown velvet robe, made in much the same fashion, but opening in this case over a silken petticoat shot with gleams of gold and with lines of gold passementerie for trimming; but that yellow dress is the more picturesque of the two.

As for Miss Eva Moore, she makes the most pathetically lovely child-wife, and her gown is exquisite. Made in forget-me-not blue cloth, the petticoat and sleeve-slashings are of white silk, while the tabs of the bodice are lined and piped with carnation-pink satin, each one, too, being headed with a satin rosette in the same beautiful colour.

The effect is charming, and Karl is to be congratulated on these his latest designs.

Passing on from ancient to modern, and from the Haymarket to Terry's, "Love in Idleness" gives us a peep at some very charming frocks.

Miss Hilda Rivers is best suited by her last dress, a very pretty affair of rose-pink alpaca, the skirt adorned with a deep flounce ruched with black chiffon, and the bodice made in pinafore style, its crossed folds again outlined with an effective touch of black chiffon; while the little vest is of silvery-grey silk, appliqué with yellowish lace. Finally, there is a deep ceinture of black satin, fastened with enamel buttons. This combination of colouring is to be heartily commended to brunettes, especially when a Leghorn hat is added, with many pink roses peeping out from knots of black ribbon-velvet.

Miss Rivers has another gown of biscuit-coloured canvas—this for the skirt and sleeves—while the bodice itself is of handsome guipure lace over pale-green silk. The crown of the hat, too, is of lace and silk, and is wedged to a broad brim of white openwork straw, black ostrich-tips mounting guard at one side. And then, to put the first last, there is a charmingly cool-looking gown of white Indian muslin,

with insertions and frills of lace making a soft foam on the bodice, which is eventually drawn into a waistband of white satin. This pretty frock has a pretty background—a garden, gay with flowers, overlooking the river, and with a punt in tempting proximity, while roses, pink and white, clamber all over the verandah—altogether making a charming stage picture.

As to Miss Beatrice Ferrar, of the glorious Titian-red hair, she is perfectly *chic*, as Louise Gondinot, in three very Parisian-looking frocks. The first, which is worn in the garden scene, is of pink silk veiled with white Indian muslin, all sprigged with wee blossoms, whose colourings are repeated in the chiné design of the bretelles and the long-ended sash, where alternate stripes of pink and white silk are the background. Insertions of lace are let into the bodice in a series of V's, and crowning Miss Ferrar's charmingly dressed hair is a pure-white chip hat, simply trimmed with white chiffon and trails of tender-green smilax.

Afterwards comes a jaunty costume of white alpaca, the bodice made in zouave form and finished with a sailor-collar and revers of pale-blue



MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN ACT III. OF "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

and white fancy silk matching the vest, which is drawn in with a sash of pale-blue satin ribbon. And there is just a touch of blue on the white straw hat.

Finally, a very original dress of lime-green cloth is worn, arranged with a series of black velvet tabs on either side of the skirt, each one drawn through a little steel ring. On the bodice, too, black velvet outlines the little square which leaves the throat bare, and also forms the waistband, which, when it crosses the full vest of white silk gauze, divides into three narrow lines, with charming effect. As to the sleeves, they are becomingly full, the under part of the cloth giving place to the soft fulness of the gauze, which is banded in at the elbow with black ribbon-velvet. The accompanying hat is of white felt, its high crown encircled by three bands of black velvet ribbon. One full-blown rose of faintest pink has just been dropped lightly on the brim at the right side, while at the back a mass of roses in a shade only just removed from white nestles against the glory of Miss Ferrar's hair. FLORENCE.

A BOOK.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!—EMILY DICKENSON.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

Although there has been a steady depreciation of Stock Exchange securities going on during this month, our readers will doubtless be surprised to know the extent of this depreciation. According to the usual monthly table prepared by the *Banker's Magazine*, it appears that a decrease of over forty-five millions has occurred in the aggregate value of 325 representative securities between Sept. 19 and Oct. 20. In the preceding month a heavier depreciation even than this took place, when the amount was as much as seventy millions, thus making the decrease for the two months one hundred and fifteen millions. Dealing with the last month's figures, the heaviest shrinkage occurs in Consols and other first-class investment stocks, which is explained by the heavy gold exports which have been taking place. The Mining shares included have suffered as much as 16 per cent., while foreign stocks have also fallen away considerably. Australian Bank shares have been extremely weak, the fall having been as heavy as 5 per cent. The American Market is practically the only department which has shown an upward movement, the shares of ten railway companies having increased in value to the extent of £1,409,000, or 2.5 per cent.

THE BANK RATE.

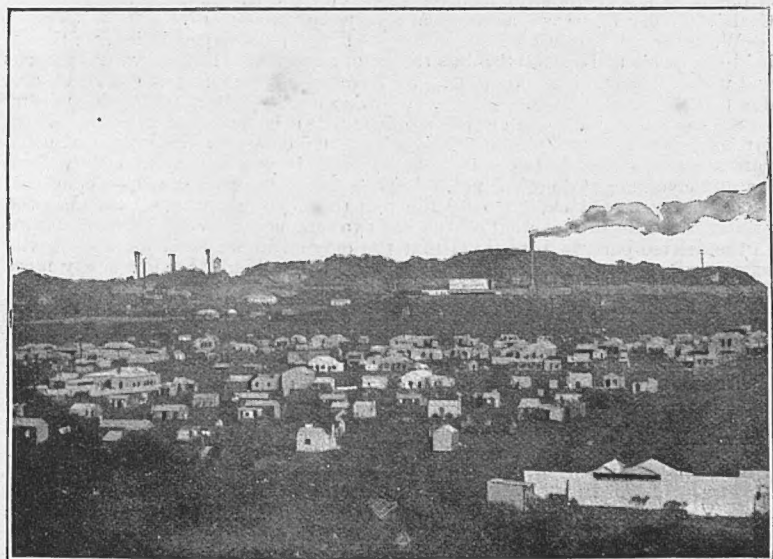
The decision of the Bank of England directors was awaited with no small amount of interest last week, and although to all appearance the position fully justified a rise in the Rate, yet there is, as a rule, an element of uncertainty up to the last moment as to what will really happen. The market could not make up its mind with any degree of certainty on the subject. A difference of opinion existed as to whether the increase would be to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or to 4, while there were even some who questioned if there would be a rise at all. Under these conflicting circumstances the market erred on the side of caution, and practically suspended operations until the directors had arrived at their decision. The announcement that the rate had been raised to 4 per cent., instead of depressing the markets, seemed to relieve the tension which had been affecting them of late, and quite a brisk tone was infused into Stock Exchange business. When money is cheap, operators seem to have a dread of its getting dearer; but, after all, it is only a bogey, for we find, as a rule, a more healthy condition of affairs existing under a 4 or 5 Bank Rate. We shall be very much surprised if this upward movement does not usher in a more satisfactory state of the markets and trade generally.

HAMPTON PLAINS ESTATE.

A circular, dated Oct. 22, has been issued to the shareholders of this company, and seems likely to increase the good opinion in which it is held at present. It is composed of extracts from the report of the company's engineers, and, we notice, the authorities are particularly anxious to state, in regard to any new reefs discovered, that "this company is entitled to a one-quarter interest in all the reefs referred to as having been discovered and opened up by the prospecting companies without any cost to this company." Apparently the knowledge of any new "finds" arrived too late for use at the general meeting held at the beginning of the month, when the directors were able to announce a bonus or dividend, or return of capital—call it what you like—of 4s. on each £1 share—the first return the company has been able to make to the shareholders. The outlook, however, for the patient, seems to be fairly good.

BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY.

We have been receiving a great amount of correspondence from our readers of late with reference to the future prospects of this company, and some anxiety is being evinced on the part of the shareholders as to the prospects of the mine. Well, it is very easy to answer



THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY MINE.

the question, but not, we are afraid, to do so satisfactorily. Still, it will afford what is perhaps the enlightenment required, if we state the problem, which is this: To all appearance the company is within measurable distance of exhausting its oxidised ore which is susceptible of easy treatment. We do not mean that this is going to happen in the immediate future, but that the life of the mine can be approximately measured.

On the other hand, it has in sight an enormous quantity of low-grade sulphide ores, which it has hitherto been found impossible to treat satisfactorily. Here is what the directors themselves say on the subject in their last report—

During the half-year, as in the past, various processes for the economic treatment of low-grade sulphides have been submitted, and were carefully tested and examined by the company's technical officers and other experts; but, although some of these are of an encouraging nature, your directors do not consider that the promised results have been obtained upon a sufficiently large scale to warrant their adoption by this company.

That does not read very hopefully, but it goes without saying that if a suitable process is discovered there is still a great future before the company. On the other hand, if science fails to overcome the difficulty, the outlook is not cheering. That sooner or later it will be got over we can hardly doubt; but the shares under existing circumstances are only suitable for people who are prepared to stake their money on that prospect, and to wait, if necessary, for its realisation.

THE KAFFIR POSITION.

The position is, in our opinion, better to-day than it was last week. The very depressed state of the Kaffir Circus for some time has been brought about by the forced liquidation of a number of large accounts, but there has been a considerable amount of small purchases going on, and the flood of selling orders has, for the moment at least, stopped. The host of speculative accounts for the rise have not all been cleared away, but they have been greatly reduced, and, as no sane person expects to always get in at the lowest; it is not an unreasonable thing to pick up sound stocks at their present level.

THE CHARTERED ISSUE.

The ever-increasing demands of the Chartered Company upon the savings of the long-suffering British public are again in evidence, and the advice we have so often and so long given to get out of this concern has been fully justified. We do not believe in the Chartered Company as an investment for people who hope to see a return on their money, but the financial interests which have gathered around the Rhodes-Rudd combination are so vast and so powerful that, as a speculation, we are inclined to say for a moment the shares are almost worth buying. Our advice is to hold at present, and to take up the new shares, but to get rid of both old and new on the first rise. Don't be too greedy.

The following letter has reached us from an African correspondent. So many correspondents have asked us about the New Cræsus during the last few weeks that we are glad to give them the latest reliable information—

THE HENRY NOURSE GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

After several years' work the Henry Nourse Gold-Mine has entered the gradually increasing list of first-rate profit-earning companies on the Rand. The company has had the difficulty of thin though rich reefs to contend with in the matter of working cost, and the management has for some years striven to put the equipment of the mine on such a basis as will give the shareholders the best possible return under the circumstances. Until now profits have gone entirely towards supplementing the capital of the company in providing an up-to-date equipment.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, in presiding at the annual meetings of the company for some years, pointed unhesitatingly forward to the time when the Henry Nourse would take its true place among the gilt-edged securities of the Rand, and it fell to the new Chairman, Mr. C. S. Goldmann, at the recent meeting, to declare that the oft-repeated prophecy was at length an accomplished fact, and that the company was earning profits of close upon £10,000 per month. On the present basis future profits will be over £100,000 per annum, but this amount will be appreciably augmented when the treatment of the slimes is undertaken.

At both the Robinson and Crown Reef mines monthly returns are increased by the new method of treating slimes, and within a short period every producing mine on the Rand will be earning increased profits in a similar way. The Robinson clears over £1000 per month from its slimes plant, and the Crown Reef will earn as much or more—possibly £2000—as soon as everything is in perfect working order. It is important for the home investor to keep this new source of profit clearly in view, along with the economies possible from the reduction of Kaffirs' wages and the closing of the native canteens. It will probably be some considerable time before the full effect of the various innovations is felt, but of the ultimate advantage to the Rand mining industry there cannot be two opinions.

With regard to the Henry Nourse, the company last year earned a profit of £77,000. The company now runs 60 stamps, with cyanide plant of a corresponding magnitude, and the equipment is in every way a model one, all that is now required being, as already indicated, a slimes plant. Profits are now, therefore, practically wholly available for dividends. To show how the enlightened policy of the board in perfecting the equipment and increasing the capacity of the reduction plant has benefited the shareholders, it is sufficient to point to the enormous decrease in working costs.

For the year ended June 1894 the rate under the old conditions was as high as 54s. 11d. per ton treated. In the last financial year it was 36s. 3d., and this year it will be lower still. This is, of course, considerably above the average rate on the Rand, but with thin reefs the Henry Nourse can never under any circumstances be a cheap mine to work. With a working rate of 36s. 3d. per ton, the gross yield last year was the high one of 58s. 9d. per ton crushed, so that the profit was 22s. 6d. per ton. The gold recovered was 83.4 per cent. of the total contents. Investors may confidently anticipate a higher rate of profits than 22s. 6d. per ton in future. With the increased battery of 60 stamps, costs will be brought under 36s. 3d., while the yield will be augmented by the treatment of slimes. The company owns forty-two Main Reef claims, and it is also the holder of valuable *Bewaarplaatsen* rights, its title to which has been recognised by the Government officials.

NEW CRÆSUS.

The New Cræsus is admittedly a low-grade mine. On its present basis of 60 stamps it can never possibly make large profits, but the reduction plant will shortly be increased to 120 stamps, and ultimately to possibly 200 stamps. The company has been crushing with the new battery since June 1895, and it will be sufficient to indicate the results by giving the gross yield per ton for each month since January last:—January, 30s. 7d.; February, 35s. 10d.; March, 26s. 10d.; April, 28s. 2d.; May, 26s. 10d.; June, 25s.; July, 24s. 10d.; and August, 22s. 8d. The average recovery per ton crushed for the eight months was thus only 27s. 3d. This is low, and represents no dividends for shareholders.

It is just possible that a yield of 27s. 3d. per ton is under the average of the mine, the New Cræsus having suffered like other companies of late from the

scarcity of labour. If a yield of 30s. could be kept up on the present basis, it would be possible to view the future of the mine with confidence, because the treatment of slimes will represent a further 10s. per ton in the near future, while working costs will be brought down to possibly 25s. per ton with a battery of 150 or 200 stamps, and Kaffir labour will also be on a cheaper and more effective footing. The mine is of great extent, quite large enough for a battery of 200 stamps.

Mr. Harold F. Strange, whose portrait we give, is a prominent director of the New Cræsus Company and most other Barnato concerns on the Rand. He is joint manager of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, he represents the firm of Barnato Brothers, who have gigantic interests on the Rand, and is chairman or director of between thirty and forty mining and other companies.

Mr. Strange, we may remark, is still well on



MR. HAROLD F. STRANGE.

Photo by Hawksley, Johannesburg.

the right side of forty, and he is also a highly popular figure in the various circles in which he moves.

Next week we shall be able to publish a most interesting letter on Hannan's Goldfield from our Western Australian correspondent.

BOVRIL, LIMITED.

These shares, which have always been favourites of ours, have more than justified all we have ever written of them, and the readers who followed our advice have no cause to complain. The meeting passed off very well, and the bargain with Mr. Hooley has been signed and sealed with the approval of the shareholders. Some silly person wanted to give away £20,000 to the directors in addition to the £30,000 which Mr. Hooley has provided for their solace; but it was such a foolish case of the testimonial craze run mad that it has died stillborn—at least, we hope so. The financial world is all agog for the prospectus of the new company.

A. AND F. PEARS, LIMITED.

The report and accounts of this business, to be presented to the meeting on the 26th inst., must be pleasant reading to the shareholders, for the figures cannot be considered otherwise than satisfactory. The net profits of over £70,000 for the twelve months' trading are enough to give the deferred shares 10 per cent. and add £5000 to reserve, besides carrying forward a balance considerably larger than last year. We do not wonder, after reading the certificate of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co. as to the accounts, that Home Industrial enterprises of the better kind are favourite investments at present.

NEW ISSUES.

The Swift Cycle Company, Limited.—The capital is moderate, the profits very good, and the company, in our opinion, sure to do well. Of Mr. Hooley's many promotions we like this the best, and feel sure that any readers who are prepared to take the fair risks of an industrial business will do well with an allotment of these shares, whether preference or ordinary.

Burgon and Co., Limited.—From this prospectus it appears to us that the vendors want to keep the profits of their provision business and yet get a good round sum for it. The issue may yield 6 per cent. to investors, or it may not; but the concern is purely provincial, and there must always be a difficulty in finding a ready market for the shares if at any time holders want to sell. The prospectus is disfigured with an attempt to make people imagine that these shares may be compared with such well-known concerns as John Barker and Co. or Harrod's Stores. The Sultan of Zanzibar and the Czar of Russia are both reigning Sovereigns, but a comparison between their respective positions would be as much to the point.

The Dudley District Breweries, Limited.—This prospectus is very unsatisfactory, and there is no certificate of past profits, so, we suppose, none have been made. We should avoid the concern.

The Universal Medicine Company, Limited.—In our opinion only fools will subscribe the capital asked for.

Yates's Castle Brewery, Limited, is issuing 10,000 5 per cent. preference and 6675 ordinary shares of £10 each. The auditor's certificate is fair and full, and, upon the whole, the concern strikes us as likely to do well. The shares should prove a good investment.

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch's* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. E. C. Y.—We do not grasp the point of your letter. There is no law against any tout sending circulars to widows; if they were all as wise as you the game would soon get played out. The circular seems fairly honest as such things go.

C. H. C.—We are not tipsters. Yankee Rails seem your best chance.

G. B.—We do not know when the dividend will be paid. The company was only floated about four months ago. Hold the preference shares.

SEVERN.—(1) With the war in Cuba, we are surprised at your first question. Tobacco, like wine, runs in years. (2) We should hold. (3) Ditto.

W. B.—(1) We will send you prospectus on about Nov. 7. (2) Burbank's have hitherto been crushing at the battery of the Londonderry, which they have hired. We believe their own is about to start. (3) We have every reason to think Menzies Golden Age will turn out all right. Water is the great difficulty.

CAP.—The price of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, preference shares is about 3s. 6d. to 5s. premium. The price will probably rise steadily, as the company is doing very well. We can only send you brokers' names by private letter, which we are not allowed to write except in accordance with Rule 5.

HOLDER.—We don't write the bicycle page of *The Sketch*, but, as a commercial speculation, the shares of the concern you ask about would not be to our liking. We can hear of no price for the shares.

OAKFIELD.—The Mount Jackson Gold-mining Company is directed by the right people and comes from the proper quarter. We should hold.

F. M.—You are not likely to get 5 per cent. with the same class of security as North-Eastern Consols. Buy a few preference shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, a few George Newnes, Limited, a few Loveys' ordinary shares. Apply for a few of the *Lady's Pictorial* preference share when the prospectus is issued early next month. We know nothing of the Trust Company you mention.

REGIMENT.—(1) The question of the price of India 3½ per cent. stock is a difficult one, depending on the price of money very much. We should have said sell at 120, and are inclined to advise you to do so now. The income is, of course, quite safe, but the return is small. (2) We consider both the Uruguay loans good enough to buy for high interest, but we prefer the 3½ stock.

W. R. H.—Avoid the Universal Stock Exchange and its three-months' system as you would the devil—at least, as we hope you would.

D. C. S.—We have very little information as to 1 and 2, but, as "long shots," they might be worth putting a little money into. (3) Over-capitalised, grossly.

(4) In our opinion a wild-cat concern. Get rid of Charterred on any little rise.

X. Y. Z.—We know little of the concern you name, except that we have received its circulars. Cycle insurance is a risky business.

A. C. B.—Price of Hans Crescent Hotel preference we will give you next week. That of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, is 3s. 6d. to 5s. premium. Hold the latter.

B. B.—Write to the liquidator, who will tell you when he proposes to distribute the purchase money.

DOLPHIN.—(1) We should hold, as the shares are sure to rise with a revival in the Kaffir Circus. We doubt a dividend. See this week's African letter.

(2) The investment does not appear attractive. (3) We should hold, and get out when you can with a little profit. (4) Not a bad speculation if you will take a profit on the first rise. (5) We hear the concern is doing well, but it is, of course, a speculative—very speculative investment.

AJAX.—(1) The interest is paid in sterling, and does not fluctuate with the Argentine gold premium. (2) We think, if you wrote to Messrs. Matheson, of Old Broad Street, they could supply you with what you want.

J. W. W.—(1) We really know very little of the Scotch Brewery. (2) You will probably get a fair dividend out of New Premier Cycle shares, and we advise you to hold. (3) The pref. shares of C. Arthur Pearson are about 3s. 6d. or 5s. premium, and, in our opinion, will pay well to buy. (4) You shall have a prospectus in due course.

A. C.—As things are in the African Market, we should not like to say much about the prospects of the shares you name rising. Consult Mr. Hess of the *African Critic*. We should hold No. 4 certainly, and are doubtful about No. 3.

FLINT.—The shares of Accles, Limited, are called 15s. to 17s. 6d., but we think there is difficulty in dealing. The other shares, we believe, are even harder to sell, and we cannot obtain a price. We should not think either a desirable investment. (3) Shares are quoted at a premium when the market price is above the par value. (4) See last week's answer to "S. J. C."

AULD REEKIE.—We should imagine your simplest course was to write it off as a bad debt. How can anybody have been fool enough to invest in such a concern?

KOLON.—(1) Hold for the distribution. (2 and 3) We should hold both until we could get out without loss. It might be worth while to buy a few more. (4) We think them a good purchase.

W. O. C.—(1) We think very badly of the gold shares. (2) We will take care you get the *Lady's Pictorial* prospectus in time.

READBY.—We really cannot give a separate opinion on twenty-four investments. Speaking generally, the whole lot are the greatest rubbish, and the sooner you clear out the better it will be for you. If you buy Sheba Queens you are very foolish.

J. S. W.—Sell Nos. 1 and 2; hold No. 3 for a revival in the Kaffir Market.

LAND O' BURNS.—(1) We should imagine the debentures were safe, but they strike us as a very undesirable investment. (2) We should take the profit on Coats'. (3) The Brewery shares appear a very poor investment.

W. E. E. R.—(1) We know nothing of it. (2) As a speculation, we should hold—price about 10s. (3) Send us the exact particulars of the new arrangement and we will give you our opinion. We have only our memory to trust to, and don't like to depend on it. (4) Yes. (5) American Rails, but take quick profits.

STAYCROSS.—(1) We don't advise purchase, but if you were already in we should say hold on till you can get out without loss. Of course, if the company lost a patent action it would damage its position. (2) If you are willing to hold for a long time you might do so; if not, take your profit. (3) Both are sound concerns.

BLACKWALL.—On looking over the paragraph you refer to, we see that the printer, for want of room, cut off the last two sentences as we had written them. In the deleted part we had stated that the only advantage we could see in the scheme was the fact that the Blackwall shareholders would get a security more readily marketable than they have at present, and this is undoubtedly the fact.

ST. BRIS.—Nos. 1 and 2 are all right, and in the present state of the markets we should hold. (3 and 8) We don't believe in Rhodesian concerns, but see our "Notes." (4, 5, 6, and 7) We have no information except what is given by the concerns themselves. Mount Charlotte is a good mine, but as to Mount Charlotte West we have no means of judging. (9) We don't like the lot who promoted it, but are obliged for your tip.

BELLEVIN.—(1) Very speculative. (2) A fair speculative investment. (3) A good company, but there is a liability of £8 a share. (4) A fair industrial share. (5) A good company, but here also there is a big liability of £4 10s. per share.

X RAYS.—(1) We think the tea shares are a good investment if you want a high dividend. (2) We could give you the date by spending an hour at Somerset House and paying a search fee. If you want it done, comply with Rule 5, and we will send you the information by private letter.

NOTE.—A host of correspondents write to ask for prospectuses of the *Lady's Pictorial* when issued. They shall all receive one in due course about Nov. 7 next.